

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Stomach Troubles in Infancy

are quickly relieved by DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

It prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion, and is at all times a safe and effective aperient.

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PURE VIRGINIA
OVAL
CORK TIPPED.

20 for 1/6
Also 50's & 100's

The SUPER
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BORWICK'S

For Bread, Cakes, and Pastry, **BAKING POWDER** Puddings, and Pies.

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Eight Plates in Colours on Art Brown Plate-sunk Mount

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For uses innumerable.

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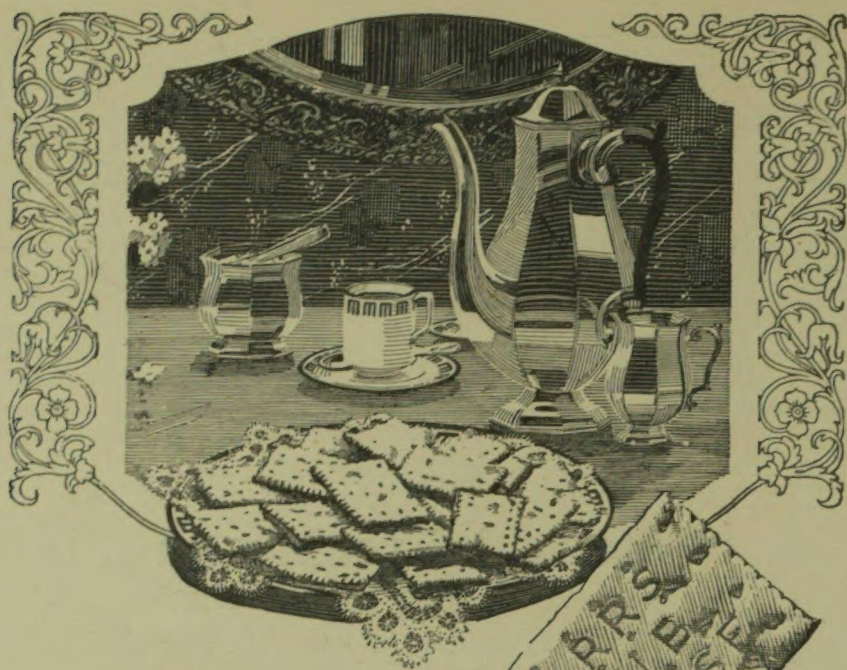
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The cheese is in the biscuit. A most delicious savoury—180 to the pound.

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CARR & CO LTD
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It is the Seaside Resort de Luxe.*

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Roulette — Baccarat.

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SAKHAROFF, JOAN PICKERING, DAISY
FEY, and the MIDNIGHT FOLLIES
CABARET TROUPE FROM LONDON.

AT THE CLASSICAL CONCERTS:

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A Very Old and Character-
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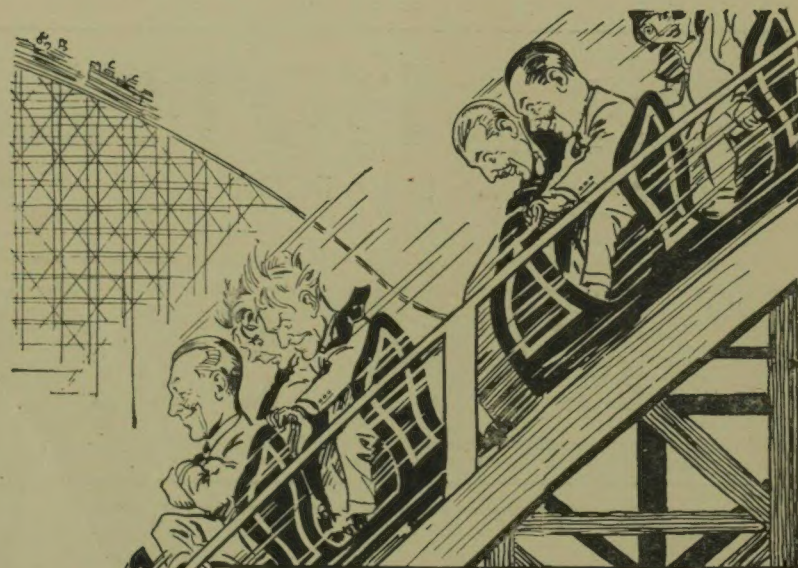
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CREAM for greasy scalps, VIOLA for dry
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bottles.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES
ANZORA — MASTERS THE HAIR
Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

We wish to draw visitors'
attention to our Exhibit
No. A 11 Bin the Chemi-
cal Section, Palace of
Industry, of the British
Empire Exhibition,
Wembley.

PIONEER FOUNDERS OF AN OVERSEAS EMPIRE



Drawn for Lever Brothers Limited by F. Gardner

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Sunlight Soap, in the space of a few short years, has reached and maintains the largest sale in the world. Sunlight Soap has the largest sale because it is the best soap in the world; because it is made from the finest materials, manufactured by exacting methods, by

happy workers in ideal surroundings; because its supreme standard of purity is jealously guarded; because the makers of Sunlight Soap realise that their first and last aim must ever be: the highest service to the public. These are some of the reasons why

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HAS THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

—a Tumblerful of Health
for every one of the family
begin to-night with

LAMPLOUGH'S
PYRETIC SALINE

THE ORIGINAL SALINE OF A CENTURY'S MEDICAL RECORD DIFFERS FROM OTHER SALINES OR SALTS, SO BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

"It acts as a specific."—Dr. Turley.

"The Saline treatment deprives fevers of their terrors." —Dr. Stevens, M.D., D.C.L.

"The best preparation of the kind I have ever met with." —Dr. Gibson, M.D.

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*a Teaspoonful every
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After a wash with
WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP
the children go to school
fresh and happy.

THE IDEAL SOAP FOR
TOILET AND NURSERY USE.

So refreshing!



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KINGSWAY, LONDON.

£530
IN PRIZES!

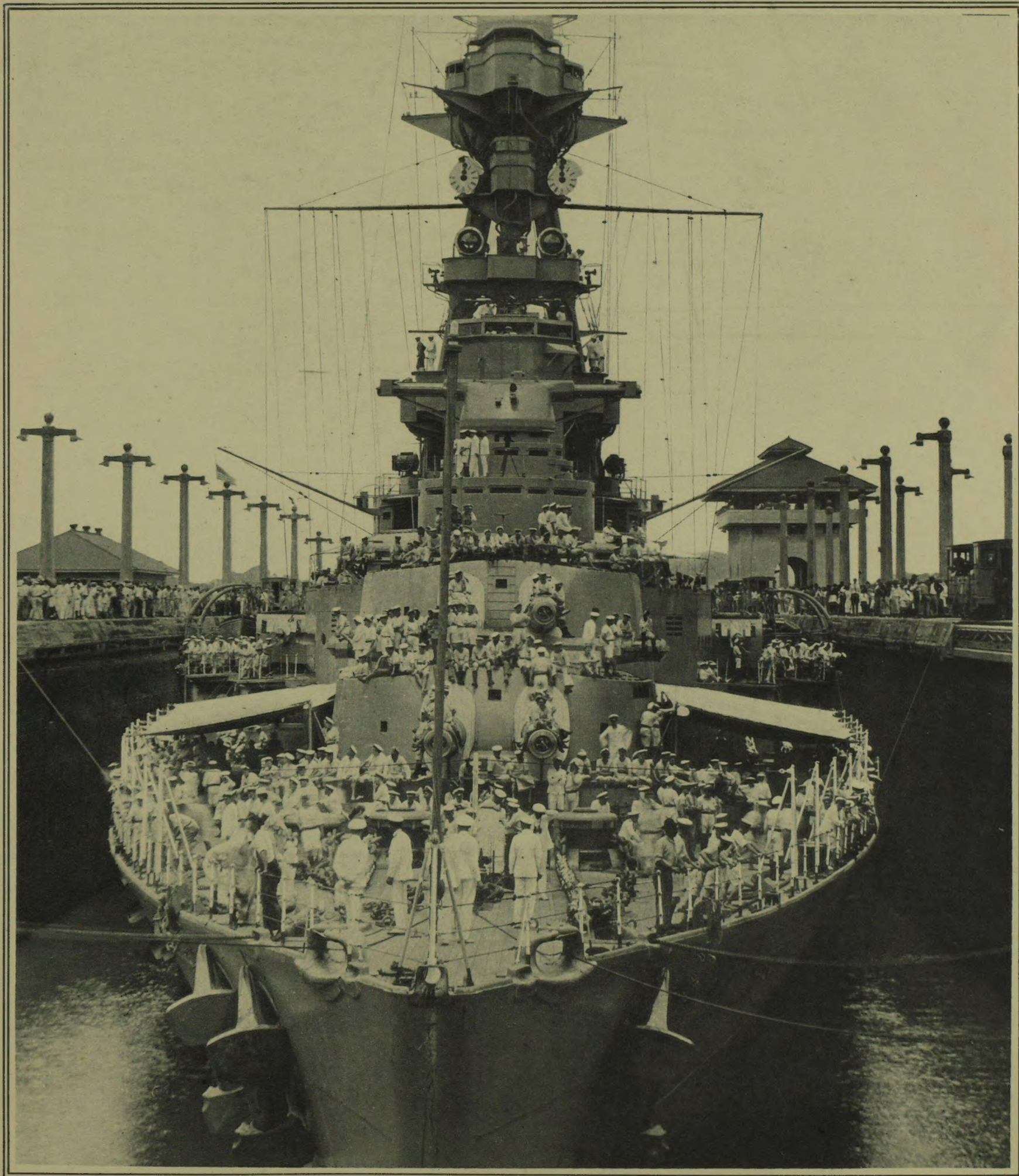
Ask your garage for free coloured booklet giving particulars of Competition for Prizes amounting to £530, for the best names submitted by motorists for the motoring character depicted in the above series of advertisements.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1924.

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WITH ONLY 30 INCHES TO SPARE ON EITHER SIDE: H.M.S. "HOOD" (THE LARGEST SHIP THAT HAS EVER PASSED THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL) IN THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK—SHOWING ONE OF THE ELECTRIC TOWING MOTORS ON THE RIGHT.

In the course of the Navy's Empire cruise, the battle-cruisers of the Special Service Squadron—H.M.S. "Hood," "Repulse," and "Adelaide"—arrived at Balboa from San Francisco on July 23. The "Hood" and "Repulse" at once proceeded on their journey through the Canal, while the "Adelaide" remained at Balboa for a few days. Crowds gathered on shore to watch the "Hood" enter the Canal, and the Governor and the Marine Superintendent accompanied Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Field part of the way. The "Hood" and "Repulse"

both passed through the Miraflores and Pedro Miguel Locks on the 23rd, and tied up at Pedro Miguel until the 24th to take in fresh water and other supplies. The "Hood" is the largest ship that has ever passed through the Canal. As she is 105 ft. in beam, and the locks are only 110 ft. wide, there was only a margin of 30 in. on either side, which necessitated delicate manœuvring. An electric towing motor runs on rails on each side of the lock. On July 26 the Squadron reached Kingston, Jamaica.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. HAYDON.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I AM one of those who always believed that the Irish question must have an Irish answer. But I never believed that there was much difference between the different English answers; even when one seemed to answer "Yes" and the other to answer "No." I remember the pamphlets of my youth: with Twenty Points for Home Rule and Twenty Points against Home Rule. It would be hard to say which of the points most completely missed the point. Curiously enough, the question enraged us by its remoteness. It dealt with strange things. It produced a vast amount of feeling in English politics because it was not an English question, but a foreign question; people flew into a passion about it as they did about Dreyfus or Kruger. But there was very little thought about it, in the sense of thought for thought's sake. I wonder whether it is yet possible to follow a line of idle but detached and disinterested reflection; which, avoiding the hot and hackneyed pros and cons, may lead us to look at this human business a little more as if it were a piece of history. Why did most of us come to accept a differentiation of national function, and on what truth did it rest?

There are two kinds of rebellion, or things that are called rebellion. The first is one in which the slave demands something that the tyrant has got. The second is one in which he demands something that the tyrant has not got. I mean, that in the first case he complains that the privileged person has more than his share of something which could be shared, and which would be enjoyed. In the second case he complains that the other man is so utterly different that he cannot provide or understand true enjoyment. It is not merely that the people do not share in the prince's powers, but that the prince does not even share in the people's tastes. Even if he wanted to give, he would not give what was wanted. When the first state of things exists, there may be a technical rebellion. There may be civil war; but it is very civil war. That is, it is really only a war of citizens. It can take place within one commonwealth, and even in the moral atmosphere common to all the citizens of one commonwealth. But when the second state of things exists, it is not a rebellion, but a war. It is not a civil war, but an international war. It is a war between two nations, and even between two civilisations. It is an international war, even if it takes place in the narrow streets of a tiny town. It is a question of two different types of difference. One is only a case in which the rich retain what the poor desire. The other is a case in which the rich respect what the poor despise. In one case, everybody likes wine, and the king locks up all the wine in his cellar. In the other case the king goes mad and declares wine to be a poison; and tries to pour iced water down everybody's throat.

Now, in the first case, where a normal property has become a narrow privilege, it is generally possible to broaden it slowly down, as Tennyson said, from precedent to precedent. It is possible to have what is called constant constitutional reform. The king can be gradually got into a good-humour, until the

very fountains in the street run with wine. For there is no difference between prince and people about what is good; and most sane people see eventually that good-humour is good. Even the point on which they disagree is a point on which they agree. They both like wine. They are all in one moral tradition and can move together. This is what happened in England in the case of things like the Great Reform Bill, and the later and lesser Reform Bills, up to the Bill that established a restricted Female Suffrage. Englishmen with the traditions of the nineteenth century believed profoundly in the Parliamentary vote. They valued votes, they respected votes, they desired votes; they respected them even when they dreaded them. The reformers demanded the vote because they valued it. The reactionaries withheld the vote because they valued it. This is a case in which men are only in conflict because they are in such complete agreement. Hence the ease with which the franchise was slowly and smoothly extended, to one class after another, to one sex after the other. And the reason was that there was no discordant

something that England could not give. It was something that England had not got. It was the idea of equality; that democratic level which some call a dead level. The colonists were not fighting because George III. had this and kept it to himself; but because he had never heard of it. The English King had not locked up all the English equality in his cellar; there was no English equality to lock up. If the Anglo-American quarrel had really been only a constitutional quarrel, as many of our historians considered it, it would probably have been healed, as many of our statesmen would have healed it. If it had really been some legal point about "taxation and representation," it might have been composed. But the Americans were not really thinking about taxation; and the English were certainly not thinking about representation, having hardly any representation of their own. The English were thinking about the sort of government to which they were accustomed; which was a government of gentlemen. The Americans were thinking about a sort of government to which they were not accustomed; which

they felt as if nobody had ever tried before; a light of liberty that never was on sea or land. Chatham would have been quite ready to treat Washington as a gentleman; the trouble was that Chatham stood for the ideal of the gentleman and Washington for the ideal of the citizen; or, as some would say, for the ideal of the man. England might have given to the Americans all that England had given to the English. But England could not give to the Americans what she could not give to the English; what she had not got to give. And that was a new vision of a new world.

In the first sort of rebellion, the ruler is superior; in the sense that he has what the rebel has not. In the second the rebel is superior; for he has what the ruler has not. The ruler is at a disadvantage: it is he that is ignorant and in the dark. If he governs for ever, he will misgovern for ever. Yet the English colonies had once, at least, been English. Their culture was English; it was Protestant and not Catholic, maritime rather than military, familiar with English

traditions and allusions. Their language was English—at that time, at any rate, it was remarkably like English. Their new democratic theory had only come to them as a theory; and it had come to the heirs of the Roundheads in New England and the Cavaliers in Virginia.

But in Ireland the old stories were more alien than the new. The traditions were more revolutionary than the theories. It was this reality that convinced me a long time ago that the Anglo-Irish quarrel was not an internal but an international quarrel; and for the same reason. The Irish were not asking for equality with the English. They were not asking for something that we could give them and would not; but for something we could not give if we would. It was a state in another style of architecture; a community with a different picture of happiness. You cannot ask one landscape-painter to live in another one's landscape; you cannot ask one Utopian to live in another's Utopia. It was such reasons that converted the wisest of the English; and the reasons remain.



COMMEMORATING 7074 MEN OF THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES): A REGIMENTAL MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY EARL HAIG AT GLASGOW—RELATIVES PASSING ROUND IT AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Earl Haig unveiled on August 9, in Kelvingrove Park, Glasgow, this very striking war memorial to 7074 members of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). He mentioned that the memorial scheme included also a tablet in the cathedral and a regimental club. The sculptor of the bronze group on the monument was Captain P. Lindsay Clark, D.S.O. The central figure, symbolising victory, is a sergeant in the act of going over the top; at his feet is a fallen officer, and on the right a Lewis gunner.

Photograph by Topical.

and distracting vision. The servants only wished to go where their masters went; to Westminster or to Windsor. That is, they only wished to follow in their masters' footsteps. The voteless could imagine nothing finer than to be a voter; the voter could imagine nothing finer than to be a Minister. When this is so, things can generally be adjusted. The trouble begins when the people can think of something much finer, or something they think much finer. The trouble begins when they have dreamed of something as a right, which their rulers would not value even as a privilege. Where there is no vision the people perish; but where there is a strange vision the people and the princes may fight, till both are on the point of perishing.

An easy example of the second sort of rebellion is the American rebellion. That was driven to a final rupture because the American colonists had caught sight of an ideal which the English rulers did not understand, even as an ideal. It was not something that England would not give, but

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

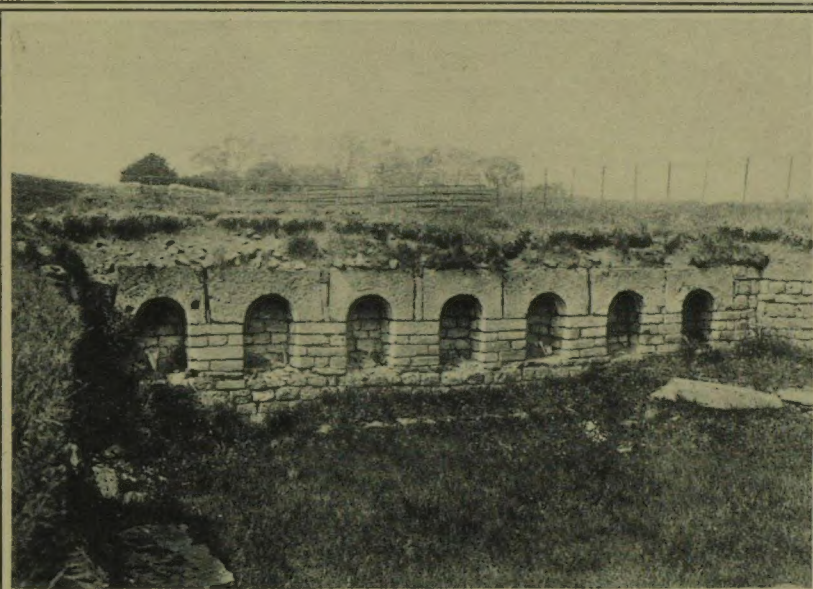
Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 336, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

COMING UNDER OFFICE OF WORKS PROTECTION: THE ROMAN WALL.

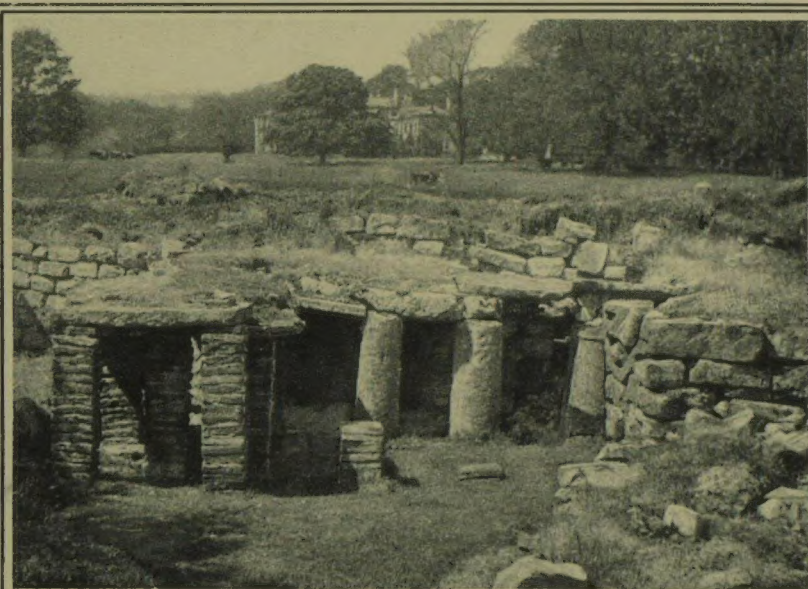
PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 3, AND 4 BY A. H. ROBINSON; NO. 2 BY JOHN GIBSON.



1. NOW TO BE
"SCHEDULED" BY
THE OFFICE OF
WORKS FOR PRE-
SERVATION AS AN
ANCIENT MONU-
MENT: THE ROMAN
WALL—THE PRÆ-
TORIUM OF ONE OF
ITS FORTS,
BORCOVICIUM.

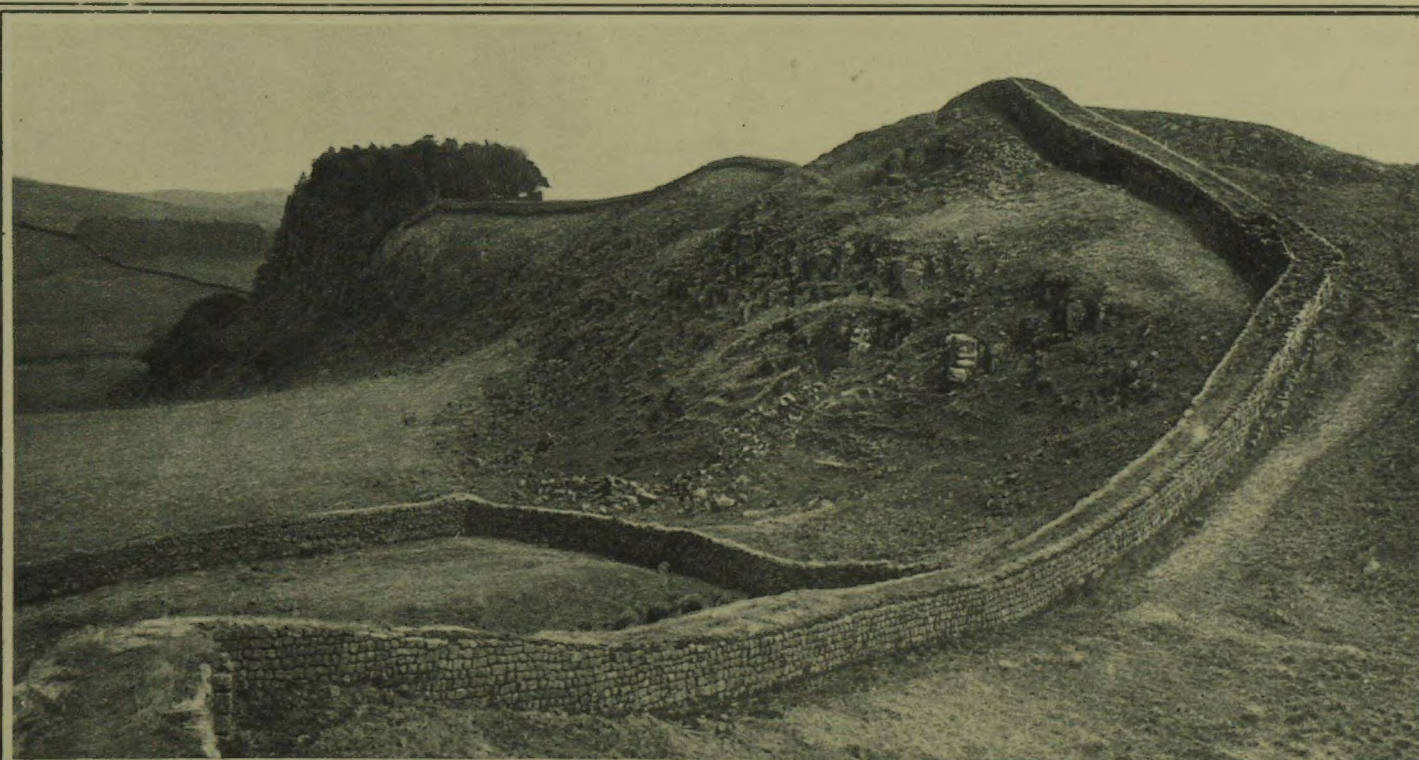


2. WITH SEVEN ARCHED NICHES, PROBABLY "CUPBOARDS FOR THE BATHERS' CLOTHES": THE "UNROBING CHAMBER" IN THE BATH-HOUSE AT CILURNUM (CHESTERS).



3. ROMAN CENTRAL HEATING METHODS ILLUSTRATED IN ONE OF THE GREAT FORTS OF HADRIAN'S WALL: HYPOCAUSTS AT CILURNUM, NEAR CHOLLERFORD.

4. THE GREATEST
RELIC OF THE ROMAN
OCCUPATION IN
BRITAIN: HADRIAN'S
WALL FROM SOL-
WAY TO TYNE—
THE SECTION AT
CUDDY'S CRAG,
LOOKING EAST.



The Office of Works has taken steps to have the Roman Wall officially "scheduled" for preservation. This means that owners or occupiers of land over which it extends cannot interfere with it, except by authority of the Department, and are liable for any damage done to it. Public interest in Roman remains in this country has lately been stimulated by the discoveries at Folkestone, Yeovil, and Margidunum, a fort between Leicester and Lincoln, and by the handing over to the National Trust of the Roman villa at Chedworth (illustrated in our issue of July 12). But the Great Wall, built across Britain by Hadrian about A.D. 122, linking up the forts constructed by Agricola from

A.D. 78 to 85, to keep out the Picts, remains beyond question the greatest relic of the Roman occupation. "The best-preserved building on the wall line," writes Miss Jessie Mothersole, author of "Hadrian's Wall" (John Lane) in "Wonders of the Past" (Fleetway House), "is the bath-house at Chesters (Cilurnum) on the North Tyne. . . . A large flagged chamber, probably the unrobing room, contains seven round-arched stone niches, whose purpose is not known, but it is suggested that they were cupboards for the bathers' clothes. Nothing of the sort has been found elsewhere." The building of the wall, under Hadrian, was illustrated in our issue of April 1, 1911.

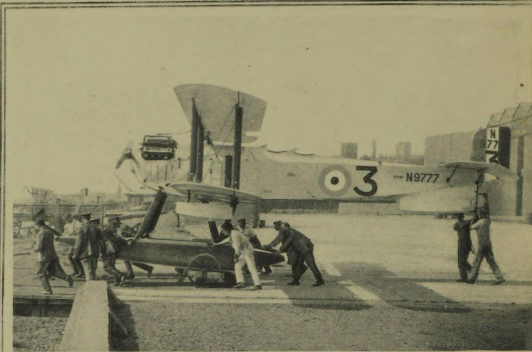
AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS—INTERESTING EVENTS AND OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., G.P.U., TOPICAL, CARL

FERNSTADT (BERLIN), I.B., AND L.N.A.



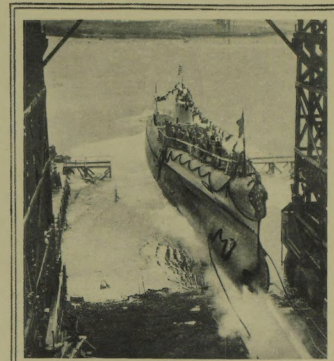
THE SEVEN HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL: THE BISHOP OF MORAY PREACHING IN THE RUINED NAVE.



THE ONLY MACHINE TO START AND FINISH ON THE WATER IN THE ROUND-BRITAIN AIR RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP, WON BY MR. ALAN COBHAM: THE SEAPLANE "NAPIER FAIREY III," AT FELIXSTOWE.



"A GREAT SON OF POLAND AND A MASTER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE" LAID TO REST AT CANTERBURY: THE FUNERAL OF JOSEPH CONRAD.



AMERICA'S LARGEST SUBMARINE LAUNCHED: THE U.S. SUBMARINE "VI," TAKING THE WATER AT PORTSMOUTH, N.H.



A CHANNEL STEAMER THAT GROUND ON THE FRENCH COAST IN FOG: THE "NEWHAVEN" ASHORE AT BERNEVAL PLAGE, NEAR DIEPPE.



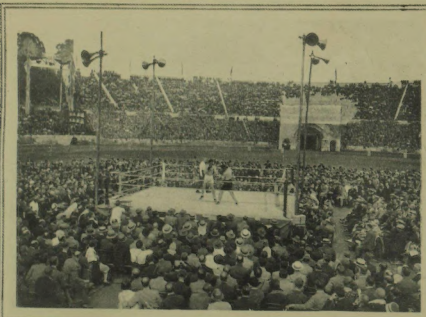
TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS FORTHCOMING JOURNEY TO AMERICA: THE BED-ROOM IN THE SUITE RESERVED FOR HIM ON BOARD THE "BERENGARIA."



SHOWING THE DOOR INTO THE BEDROOM (SEE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH): THE VERANDAH OF THE SUITE IN THE "BERENGARIA" RESERVED FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.



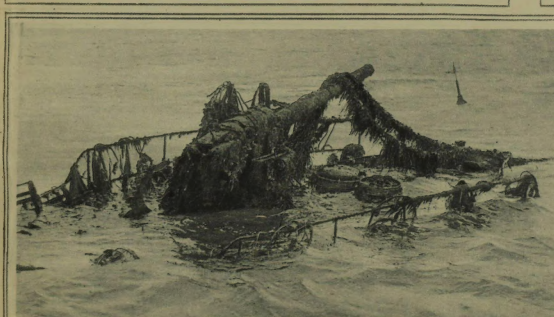
A HUGE CROWD IN BERLIN AT THE UNVEILING OF THE GERMAN WAR MEMORIAL (SHOWN BELOW): A VIEW FROM THE REICHSTAG.



WITH "LOUD-SPEAKERS" ON POLES AT THE RING CORNERS TO CARRY SOUNDS: THE DISAPPOINTING FIGHT BETWEEN GIBBONS (RIGHT) AND BLOOMFIELD.



THE CHAIRING OF THE BARD AT THE WELSH EISTEDFOD: THE REV. ALBERT JONES INSTALLED BY THE ARCHDRUID (ON RIGHT, IN OAKLEAF CROWN).



THE FIRST OF THE SCUTTLLED GERMAN FLEET TO BE RAISED AT SCAPA FLOW: THE SALVED DESTROYER SHOWING ABOVE WATER AFTER BEING TOWED INSHORE BETWEEN TWO PARTS OF THE FLOATING DOCK.



GERMANY'S "CENOTAPH": A COFFIN AS EMBLEM OF THE DEAD—THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AT THE REICHSTAG.

The seven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Elgin Cathedral, whose beautiful ruins were illustrated on a double-page in our issue of August 9, was celebrated on August 6 by a procession through the town and a service in the ruined nave. The Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness preached from an improvised pulpit. The service was transmitted by a wireless "loud-speaker" to a still larger gathering in the adjacent Cooper Park.—In the Air Race round Great Britain for the King's Cup on August 12, won on handicap by Mr. Alan J. Cobham, one entrant, Mr. C. R. R. Fairey's seaplane, piloted by Captain N. Macmillan, M.C., started from the water at Felixstowe, and finished at Lee-on-Solent seaplane station; the other nine machines started from Martlesham Heath, near Ipswich, to finish at Gosport Aerodrome. Originally, it was hoped to make this year's event primarily a seaplane race, but the Air Ministry and the Fleet Air arm did not co-operate.—The funeral service for Mr. Joseph Conrad, the famous novelist, took place at St. Thomas's Church, Canterbury, on August 7, and the burial in Canterbury Cemetery. Among those present were Count Raszynski (representing the Polish Minister), Mr. Cunningham Graham, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. The Dean of Canterbury, preaching in the Cathedral on the following Sunday, paid a high tribute to Mr. Conrad.—The new United States

submarine "VI," recently launched at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is said to be twice as large as any other in the American Navy, measuring 341½ ft. long over all, and 27½ ft. wide, with a surface displacement of 2164 tons.—The Channel steamer "Newhaven," bound for Dieppe, ran aground in a dense fog on August 5, at Berneval Plage, four miles east of Dieppe. No one was injured, and at low tide all the passengers walked ashore. Tugs were sent to refloat the ship.—The Prince of Wales is to sail for his trip to the United States and Canada, on August 23, in the Cunarder "Berengaria."—The German national war memorial was recently unveiled in front of the Reichstag building in Berlin, in the presence of an enormous crowd.—Tom Gibbons, the American boxer, knocked out Jack Bloomfield, the British heavyweight, in the third round of the contest in the Stadium at Wembley on August 9. The fight was disappointing, and the attendance (some 40,000) not as large as was expected.—The successful Bard at the Eisteddfod at Pontypool was the Rev. Albert E. Jones, a young Calvinistic Methodist Minister at Penmaenmawr. The subject set was "To the Unknown God." Mr. Jones won the Bardic crown at Mold last year.—The methods of raising the scuttled German ships at Scapa Flow are illustrated on a double page in this number.

SIKH RELIGIOUS GRIEVANCES EXPLOITED BY POLITICAL

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPECIAL PRESS, NOS. 3, 6, AND 7.



1. WITH THEIR BANNERS AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION: A SHAHIDI JATHA (BAND OF "MARTYRS") IN THE PRECINCTS OF JAITO.



2. AFTER THEIR ARREST BY GOVERNMENT FORCES: AN AKALI JATHA MARCHING TO THE FORT AT JAITO UNDER ESCORT—SHOWING THE BANNERS IN THE BACKGROUND.



4. LOCKED UP IN A BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE: AN AKALI JATHA IMPRISONED AT THE FORT AT JAITO AFTER BEING ARRESTED.



5. ALL WITH THEIR HANDS CLASPED, AND SOME WEARING RED CROSS BADGES: MEMBERS OF THE AKALI AMBULANCE CORPS WITH A JATHA AT JAITO.



6. TYPES OF THE MEN WHO TAKE PART IN THE DEMONSTRATIONS, AND OF THEIR COSTUME: AN AKALI JATHA HALTED AT JAITO.

The long unrest in the Punjab, which arose originally out of religious grievances among the Sikhs, and has been exploited by political extremists for purposes of agitation, has been marked by numerous *jathas*, or processions of Akalis (Sikh fanatics) to various shrines to which they claim a right of entry, at Jaito, in the Nabha State, and elsewhere. As these proceedings involved infringement of the rights of property (often belonging to *mahants*, or priests, against whom the Akalis were demonstrating), the Government were forced to take steps to prevent them, and there have been many arrests of such *jathas* by Indian police, assisted by cavalry and infantry. A huge Akali demonstration took place recently on the occasion of the municipal welcome at Lahore to the new Governor of the Punjab, Sir Malcolm Hailey, whose statement that peace and order would be maintained in any circumstances has had a remarkable effect. Many moderate Sikhs have written to the Press to denounce the Akalis, and have formed committees to support the Government. The Akali movement,

AGITATORS: AKALIS ARRESTED IN THE PUNJAB.

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INFORMATION AT SIMLA.



3. WITH INDIAN CAVALRY ON GUARD THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BANK: A SHAHIDI JATHA, OR BAND OF "MARTYRS" (SO CALLED AS HAVING BEEN PREVIOUSLY ARRESTED), TAKING AN "EASY" IN A ROAD AT JAITO AFTER THEIR FRESH ARREST.



7. A MUCH-VENERATED OBJECT IN THE PROCESSION: A DECORATED PALANQUIN CONTAINING A SACRED BOOK OF THE SIKH RELIGION, BORNE BY TURBANED STALWARTS IN A SHAHIDI JATHA, WITH OTHERS KNEELING BESIDE IT.

which began a few years ago, was at first designed to purge Sikhism of abuses, and expel worthless priests from the temples. It led to the formation of the Gurdwara Parbandak Committee, which has since been "captured" by political agitators. It is this committee which orders the *jathas*. Feeling has been unjustly directed against the Government, whose point of view is misrepresented and misunderstood. "The Sikhs ask," said a writer in the "Times" recently, "first, that their shrines should be under Sikh control—that is, under their representative committee. . . . Second, that all Sikhs should be allowed to wear *kirpans*, or daggers, without limit of size. Third, that all Sikhs found guilty of crimes . . . regarded by an impartial body as religious should be forthwith released. Fourth, that the former Maharajah of Nabha should be restored. . . . It has been on the Nabha question that negotiations have broken down." Previous illustrations of the subject appeared in our issues of March 22 and 29 last.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, C.N., LAFAYETTE ART-PHO SERVICE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, KEYSTONE VIEW CO. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



RUSSIAN SIGNATORIES TO THE ANGLO-SOVIET TREATIES: (L. TO R.) MM. A. L. SCHEINMANN (FINANCE), C. G. RAKOVSKY (CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES IN LONDON), A. F. RADCHENKO, AND M. P. TOMSKY, OUTSIDE THE FOREIGN OFFICE AFTER SIGNING THE TREATY.



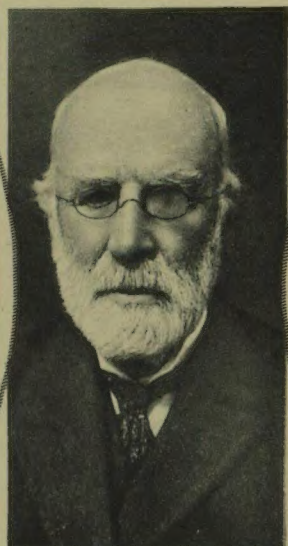
LEAVING THE FOREIGN OFFICE AFTER SIGNING THE ANGLO-SOVIET TREATIES: M. A. A. JOFFE.



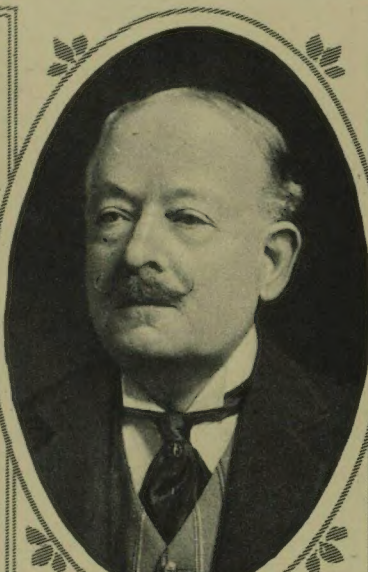
MURDERED IN MEXICO: THE LATE MRS. ROSALIE EVANS, WHO REFUSED TO SURRENDER HER FARM.



PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: MAJ.-GEN. SIR DAVID BRUCE, F.R.S.



A VETERAN PEER WHO SPENT 67 YEARS IN AUSTRALIA: THE LATE EARL OF DUCIE.



FORMERLY KEEPER OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION: THE LATE SIR CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



AUTHOR OF THE DAWES REPORT ON REPARATIONS: GEN. CHARLES GATES DAWES.



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE HON. W. H. SMITH (THIRD FROM RIGHT), ELDEST SON OF VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN: THE FAMILY GROUP AT GREENLANDS, HENLEY, FOR THE OCCASION.



THE GERMAN DELEGATES TO THE LONDON CONFERENCE ON REPARATIONS: (L. TO R.) DR. STRESEMANN (FOREIGN MINISTER), DR. MARX (CHANCELLOR), DR. LUTHER (FINANCE MINISTER), AND HERR VON SCHUBERT.

Two Anglo-Soviet Treaties were signed at the Foreign Office on August 8, by the Premier and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, and by Messrs. C. G. Rakovsky (Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in London), A. A. Joffe, A. F. Radchenko, A. L. Scheinmann, and M. P. Tomsy, Soviet plenipotentiaries.—Mrs. Rosalie Evans, who was shot dead on August 2, near her estate in Mexico, was a British subject, as the widow of the late Mr. H. E. R. Evans, formerly President of the Bank of London in Mexico, who was killed in the war. She herself was the daughter of an American father and a French-Creole mother. Her fight for her estate is a matter of recent history. At the trial in Mexico City on August 10 of three men accused of the murder, the British representative walked out of the Court, obviously dissatisfied with the procedure.—At the opening of the British Association meeting at

Toronto, on August 6, Sir David Bruce gave his Presidential Address on "The Prevention of Disease."—The Earl of Ducie, who was over ninety, had spent sixty-seven years sheep-farming in Queensland, where he also held several Ministerial posts. He returned in 1922 on succeeding to the peerage.—Sir Claude Phillips, the well-known art critic, was Keeper of the Wallace Collection from 1897 to 1911.—General Charles C. Dawes, of "Dawes Report" fame, is the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.—The group taken at Greenland, Lord Hambleden's place at Henley, at the coming-of-age of his eldest son, the Hon. W. H. Smith, shows (l. to r.) the Hon. J. F. Smith, the Hon. Edith Smith, Viscountess Hambleden, the Hon. W. H. Smith, Viscount Hambleden, and the Hon. Margaret Smith. On the ground is the Hon. David Smith.

THE "TWELFTH": GROUSE-SHOOTING ON NORTHERN MOORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



GROUSE-SHOOTING FROM BUTTS: A FLIGHT OF DRIVEN BIRDS COMING OVER THE GUNS—A TYPICAL TWELFTH OF AUGUST SCENE ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.



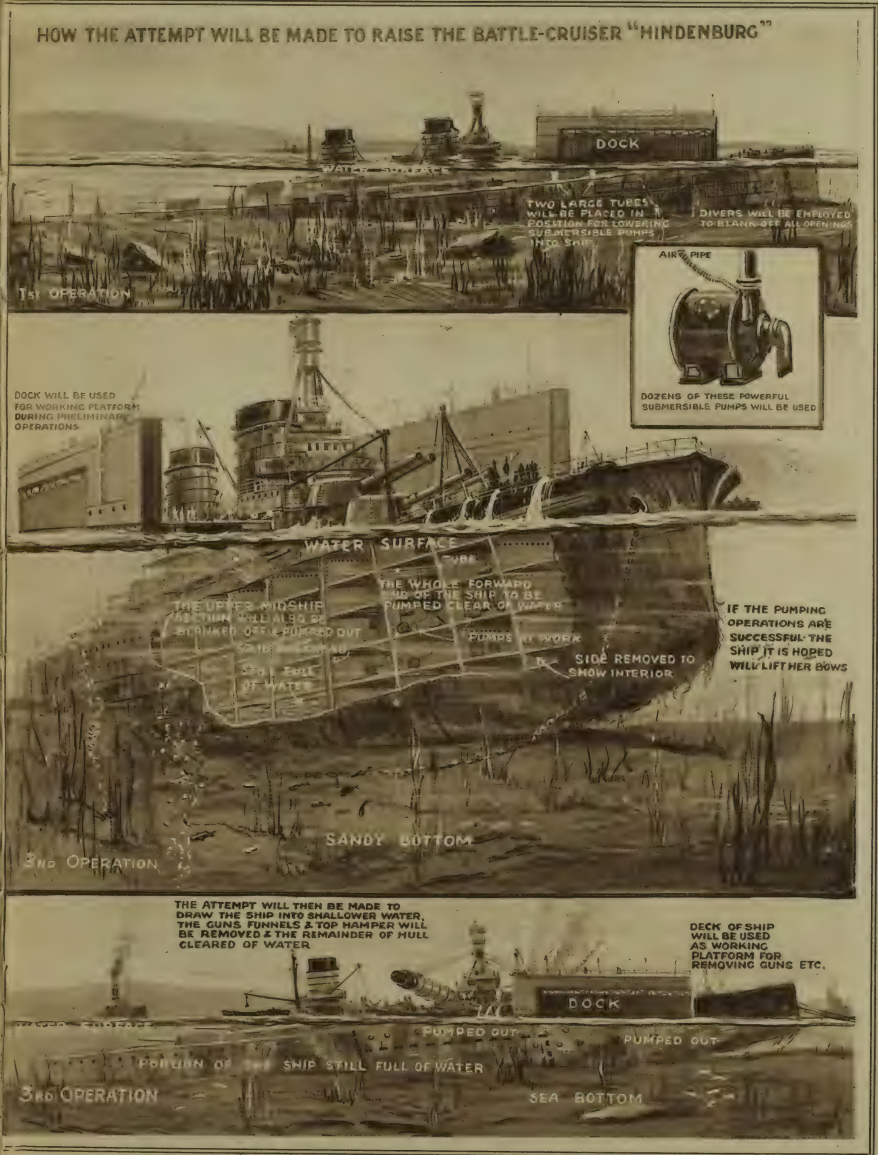
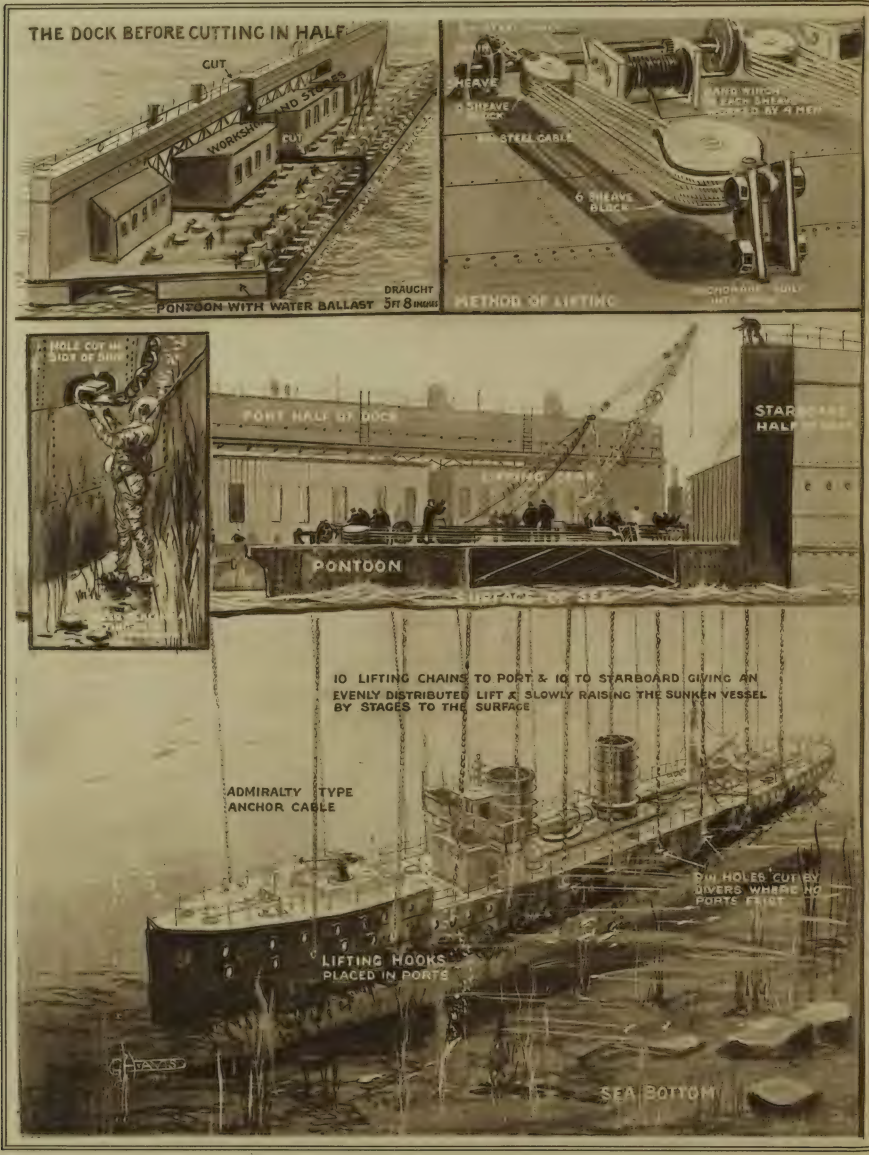
GROUSE-SHOOTING OVER DOGS: A SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN, WHO PREFER THE OLDER AND MORE STRENUOUS METHOD, BAGGING A BRACE ON CROSCRAIG MOOR, LOCH RANNOCH.

The Twelfth of August having once more inaugurated the grouse-shooting season, sport is in full swing. There are two methods of killing grouse—shooting them over dogs, which is the usual system in Scotland, or driving them to the guns stationed in butts, nowadays the general practice in England. Above we illustrate typical examples of both styles. Discussing "the older branch of grouse-shooting—namely, that of walking them up over dogs," the Duke of Rutland (in the "Encyclopædia of Sport") speaks of "the necessity of the sportsman getting himself into some sort of 'condition' before attempting to go through the hard work entailed by this form of shooting." The prospects for the present grouse-

shooting season were reported to be not very bright, owing to the prolonged frosts of last spring, which destroyed so much of the heather on which the birds feed; and, in Scotland, to the snowstorms of May, that buried countless nests and drove sitting hens from their eggs. The most successful grouse season on record was that of 1872, when 17,064 driven grouse alone were shot during August. In 1888, Lord Walsingham broke the record (his own) for one-man shooting of driven grouse by bagging 1070 to his own gun in 12½ hours, on the Blubberhouse Moors, in Yorkshire. The record over dogs is believed to be 440, shot on August 12, 1871, by the Maharajah Duleep Singh, at Grantully, Perthshire.

HOW A DESTROYER OF THE SCUTTLED GERMAN FLEET WAS RAISED: REMARKABLE SALVAGE AT SCAPA FLOW.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



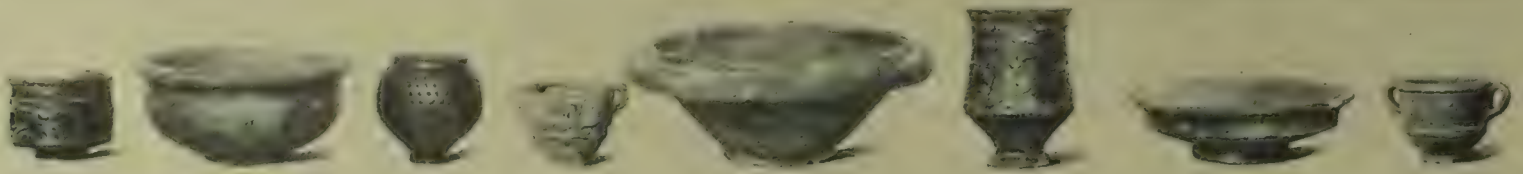
USING A SURRENDERED GERMAN FLOATING DOCK TO LIFT SCUTTLED GERMAN SHIPS: (LEFT) TACKLE FOR RAISING SMALLER SHIPS; (RIGHT) FOR THE "HINDENBURG."

The huge German submarine dock surrendered at Harwich was adapted for the greatest salvage task ever attempted—the raising of the surrendered German Fleet, scuttled and sunk by the Germans at Scapa Flow in 1919. The first of the scuttled ships to be raised was the destroyer "V60," which on August 1, after a previous unsuccessful attempt, was lifted 3 ft. from the bottom by the use of stronger wire hawsers. The destroyer and the dock were then towed towards the shore by tugs. The floating dock had been specially altered for the work. The tubular submarine dock was detached, and the main portion of the dock structure cut. The remainder was fitted for raising the smaller vessels. On arrival at Scapa Flow, the dock was again cut into two halves, each half 190 ft. long. The two halves were moored over the sunken destroyer, and divers were sent down. All along the edge of the dock are placed lifting sheaves. From these are taken down anchor cables, with great hooks, which are fixed by divers in the ports fore and aft. Where no ports exist amidships, the divers cut holes. These various operations are shown in the left-hand half of the above drawing. The right-hand half illustrates the project of raising the sunken battle-cruiser "Hindenburg." This huge ship rests on a sandy bottom in an upright

position, with her funnels, a portion of her upper works, and a small section of her bow above water. The scheme provisionally evolved by Messrs. Cox and Danks, Ltd., who are the firm concerned in the salvage work, is to blank off by means of plugs, patches, and so on, the whole of the forward portion of the ship. Steel tubes will then be built into the ship, and down them will be lowered powerful submersible pumps. By this means the whole of the forward section should be freed from water. The next operation will be the pumping out of the upper midship section, and it is hoped that this will give the ship sufficient buoyancy forward to raise her bows considerably, and make it possible to tow her into shallower water. Then, with her forecabin above the surface, this will be utilised as a working platform to lift off her heavy deck fittings, turrets, guns, and top hamper. When this is accomplished, it may be possible to blank off and pump out the rest of the vessel, so that she will float. The "Hindenburg" would then become a pontoon to raise the other vessels. There were 74 German ships interned at Scapa Flow, including 11 battleships, 8 battle-cruisers, 8 light cruisers, and 50 destroyers, and all were sunk except four of the large ships and a few destroyers. The task of raising them may take nine years. (Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.)

SWITZERLAND UNDER THE CÆSARS: ROMAN RELICS.

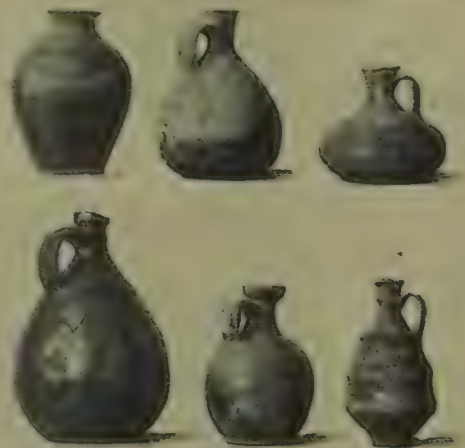
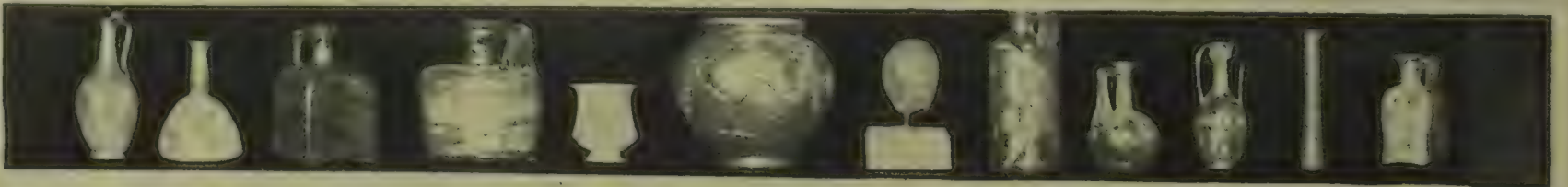
PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY DR. O. TSCHUMI, CURATOR OF THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL COLLECTION OF THE BERNE HISTORICAL MUSEUM.



WITHIN a mile of Berne is the small peninsula of Enge, formed by the River Aar, and measuring about one-and-a-half miles long by less than a mile wide. "As a rich archaeological site," says Mr. S. E. Winbolt, the discoverer of the Roman remains he is excavating at Folkestone, "there can be few to compare with it in Europe, for it gives evidence of settlement by Celts and Romans for

*(Continued opposite)*FROM A ROMAN CEMETERY AT ENGE, NEAR BERNE:
ROMAN BOWLS, SOME OF FLAVIAN DATE (69-96 A.D.).WITH HAIR DRESSED IN THE FLAVIAN FASHION: A
ROMAN MATRON'S HEAD ON AN EARTHEN PLATE.

Continued.] some 800 years. The Celtic occupation was from 400 to 58 B.C., the Roman from 58 B.C. to (probably) early in the sixth century A.D." Excavations there, interrupted by the war, and since renewed, have yielded remarkable results. Dr. O. Tschumi, of the Berne Historical Museum, who directed the work, writes: "Any settlement on this peninsula must have been reasonably safe from enemy attacks. It

(Continued below)ANOTHER TYPE OF FLAVIAN COIFFURE: A BUST
OF A ROMAN MATRON (FRONT AND SIDE VIEW.)BELIEVED TO REPRESENT A CELT, OWING TO THE
TORQUE ROUND THE NECK: A BUST FROM ENGE.USED BY ROMANS IN SWITZERLAND NEARLY 2000
YEARS AGO: LAMPS (ABOVE) AND VASES FROM ENGE.INDICATING DETAILS OF THE HARNESS:
A FIGURE OF A HORSE FOUND AT ENGE.OF A KIND FREQUENTLY FOUND IN THE GRAVES
ON THE ENGE PENINSULA: ROMAN WINE-JARS.ROMAN GLASSWARE FROM THE ENGE TOMBS: NOTABLE EXAMPLES—ONE EGG-SHAPED, SOME TUBULAR (FOR OINTMENT), OTHERS DECORATED WITH A NETWORK
PATTERN, AT WHICH THE ROMAN GLASS-MAKERS WERE ADEPT.

Continued.] was an ideal place for what Cæsar called an *oppidum*, and there is a great archaeological probability that the Enge was one of the twelve *oppida* or towns which Cæsar founded in the territory of the Celtic Helvetii. Traces of the Celts were found in two small cemeteries and a large workshop. In the former the dead were buried with all sorts of adornments, like armlets of glass, fibulæ of bronze, and scarce pottery. Greek influence is betrayed in rare coins, which the ancients thought indispensable for the passage to Hades. They were found in the mouth

of the dead, or, when these were cremated, in their cinerary urns. The excavations revealed one of the largest Roman cemeteries in Switzerland, with about 170 tombs, most of them richly stored with pottery, statuettes and fibulæ. The dead were sometimes buried and sometimes cremated, both rites being used by the Romans. A Gallo-Roman temple was erected not far from the necropolis, with its opening to the east. The temple offerings were largely of money, and we have Gallic coins, as well as Imperial ones from Augustus to Domitian."

NEW GEMS OF CLASSICAL ART: BRITISH DISCOVERIES IN PALESTINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS: NOS. 1 AND 2, BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR JOHN GARSTANG, DIRECTOR OF THE PALESTINE DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES; NO. 3, SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



1. THE FINEST
EXAMPLE OF
CLASSICAL SCULPTURE
HITHERTO FOUND IN
PALESTINE:
A BATTLE OF GREEKS
AND AMAZONS
IN BAS-RELIEF
ONE SIDE OF A
MAGNIFICENT
MARBLE SARCOPHA-
GUS DISCOVERED AT
TELL BARAK, NEAR
CÆSAREA, AND
RESEMBLING THE
"TOMB OF
ALEXANDER."

2. THE OPPOSITE SIDE
OF THE SAME
SARCOPHAGUS
(SHOWN IN PHOTO-
GRAPH NO. 1)
BOTH ENDS OF WHICH
ARE ALSO
ADORNED WITH
BAS-RELIEFS
OF GREEKS AND
AMAZONS FIGHTING
A FINELY
SCULPTURED PAIR
OF GRIFFINS
CONFRONTING ONE
ANOTHER ACROSS
A SACRED TREE.



3. A LATER DISCOVERY ON THE SAME SITE: REMARKABLE SCULPTURE ON ONE SIDE OF ANOTHER SARCOPHAGUS SINCE FOUND AT TELL BARAK, NEAR CÆSAREA, ON THE COAST OF PALESTINE, TYPICAL OF THE ALEXANDRINE STYLE OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

The British School of Archæology in Palestine has recently made important additions to our knowledge of ancient classical art, by its excavations at Tell Barak, a mound beside the Crocodile River, between Kaisariëh (ancient Cæsarea) and Tanturah (ancient Dor, or Dora), both on the sea-coast. First there was found the magnificent marble sarcophagus (now in the Museum at Jerusalem), sculptured with beautiful bas-reliefs, of which those on its two sides are shown in the two upper photographs above. The battle scene of Greeks and Amazons, finely grouped and full of action, is considered to surpass in artistic quality anything previously found in Palestine. The two ends of the sarcophagus also bear

sculptures of Greeks and Amazons, while one side alone (that seen in Photograph No. 2) is devoted to another subject—a pair of griffins and a sacred tree. This sarcophagus bears a general resemblance to that commonly called the Tomb of Alexander the Great, now in the Museum at Constantinople. A few weeks later the British excavators discovered on the same site a second sarcophagus, with equally striking sculpture in the Alexandrine style of the second century. One side of it is shown in Photograph No. 3. At the same time they found at Tanturah, overlooking the sea, ruins of an imposing Græco-Phœnician building, of the early Ionic order, enclosing a still earlier shrine, perhaps originally dedicated to Poseidon.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

ALTHOUGH the late Joseph Conrad had moved somewhat away from his earlier manner of late years, and had gone less frequently down to the sea in ships in quest of subjects, he will always be remembered first of all as a teller of sea-stories. The sea was one of the two ruling passions of his life—the other was literature—and he pursued both with equal devotion. Neither came easily, and one came, in a sense, unawares. The boy born in the Ukraine was a reader and a dreamer from his earliest years, and always before his eyes he had a vision of travel in remote regions. He would be a sailor, and a British sailor at that; but he was nineteen before his persistence made his dream come true.

His *Odyssey* brought him acquainted with many men and cities, he saw strange things in outlandish parts, but the impulse to describe them waited until his experience had grown very rich and deep. When it came at length, it set the tale of adventure in a new key. Never before had rough life been presented in so reflective a mood. In Conrad the outlandish is transmuted by the finest of fine minds, one that had received crude impressions without being subdued to what it worked in, and the result was something apart in fiction—a realism that never sacrificed imagination, and declared itself, after its own unsentimental kind, an idealism. It was an odd destiny that forbade Conrad to express himself in his own tongue, but it was fitting that such a gentleman adventurer should adopt the speech of the folk who had made the Seven Seas their own.

There was once a young nincompoop who put this weighty question to an old voyager. "Mr. McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" He had his answer. The difference in method of sailing has not destroyed the everlasting adventure of the sea. Wind or steam; it is still romantic. And, despite all changes, the spirit of the old sea-dogs is still alive and assertive. "In these days of 50,000-ton liners," says a recent writer, "with swimming-baths and ball-rooms, there does exist the real British sea-feeling; there are still men in a war-weary world inspired to go round the globe in small ships." That is spoken of one of the latest of these mariners, whom Mr. Keble Chatterton would "place alongside Voss, Slocum, and even Drake. He had the spirit of these three; the same daring independence, the pioneering skill to navigate strange waters in a small ship, and the skill to win through."

That was written by way of introduction to a true tale of seafaring, which, if it does not actually beat fiction at its own game, at least runs it a dead heat. It is not so much a story of thrilling single incidents, as a sustained narrative of a huge adventure throughout. The author's modesty makes light of the affair and takes every new peril as all in the day's work; but the true magnitude of this sea-going exploit lies in the attempt and its successful accomplishment. For it was nothing more nor less than a voyage round the world in a cockle-shell, the third smallest boat that has ever done the trick.

"THE CRUISE OF THE AMARYLLIS," by the late Lieutenant G. H. P. Mulhauser (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), is the remarkable work of a remarkable man (author, also, of "Small Craft"), whose name will live among British seamen. The voyage is the more extraordinary that it was undertaken by one who was virtually a non-professional sailor. That is to say, Mulhauser was not bred to the sea, but from his earliest years "he was attracted by the fascinating glamour of maritime things and surroundings." When he was at Merchant Taylors' School he used to spend his holidays roughing it with the fishermen in the North Sea trawlers, and, when business called him to settle in Essex, he began to sail craft of his own.

This experience was invaluable to him in the Great War. He received a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, and served on the *Sagitta*, the Flag-ship of the Admiral of the Minesweepers. This vessel was handled with extraordinary skill, and it is related that a professional mariner has not yet recovered from the shock of hearing that all three officers of the *Sagitta* were amateur yachtsmen. His dangerous service in the North Sea might have given any man his fill of seafaring, but in 1920 Mulhauser bought the *Amaryllis*, a yawl of thirty-seven tons, Thames measurement, and twenty-eight tons gross registered tonnage (53 ft. long on the water and 13 ft. beam), and determined to sail her round the world. He did it with a crew of three at most, and not the same hands throughout. In fact, he had only two hands, and these not the most competent, to help him to cross the Pacific. Mulhauser was everything himself. Once, at Colon, when a boat bringing stores hailed him and asked if he was the steward, he replied: "Yes. Also deck-hand, bos'un, mate, engineer, doctor on occasion, navigator, and skipper. Likewise owner. At the moment I am the steward, so pass up the stores." He answered—although not for the same cannibalistic reason—to Gilbert's description of "the elderly naval man" who spun the tragic "Yarn of the *Nancy Bell*."

Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate o' the *Nancy* brig,
And the bos'un tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew o' the captain's gig.

"As a feat of endurance and enterprising courage," says Mr. Keble Chatterton, in his short Memoir of Mulhauser, "this one-man show (for on him was all the responsibility) is one of the very finest voyages of the English nation, and if there were a modern Hakluyt alive it would be included in his collection." This praise is not too high.

The *Amaryllis* sailed from Plymouth on September 6, 1920, and on July 6, 1923, she anchored in Dartmouth Harbour, having completed the circumnavigation of the globe. Her course lay by way of the Canaries to the West Indies, through the Panama Canal, thence across the Pacific to Australia and New Zealand, and home by the East Indies, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean. Mulhauser writes with a delightful humour, and one regrets that he did not live to throw the whole of his notes and diaries into literary form. The finished narrative breaks off in the East Indies, but the rest of the story, as edited from his letters and papers, is still full of lively touches. As his voyage extended and his fame spread through the ports of the world he found himself no longer an unknown speck adrift upon the ocean, but a person of consequence, who was signalled, looked for, and finally fêted at his ports of call. At the end of his strenuous welcome at Alexandria, where, besides feasting, he had to inspect the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides, and the Aspirantes, he wrote, "we feel we are going to sea for a rest." Only those who have read this entrancing story can grasp the irony of the joke, and can understand exactly how much repose the skipper of the *Amaryllis* enjoyed. The crew occasionally took easier views. One amateur steersman actually came to the wheel with a book, which he intended to enjoy in the intervals of watching the compass! The skipper kindly said he would steer while his man read.

Mulhauser, like the seaman he was, has always a good yarn ready. He picked up endless sidelights on character and adventure in the course of his voyaging. At Suva he heard one of his best. It was an echo of the war. The Governor had reason to believe that the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were steaming to pay him a visit. As Suva was not fortified, and resistance was out of the question,



UNVEILED AT HAVRE BY THE DUKE OF BRABANT: THE "MONUMENT DE LA RECONNAISSANCE BELGE"—A TOKEN OF BELGIAN GRATITUDE TO FRANCE.

The Duke of Brabant, heir to the Belgian throne, unveiled at Havre, on August 4, the Monument de la Reconnaissance Belge, erected in token of gratitude for French hospitality during the war to the exiled Belgian Government, which from October 13, 1914, to November 18, 1918, was housed in the Hôtellerie at Ste. Adresse, adjoining Havre. The Duke was presented with a miniature copy of the monument for his parents, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and a gold Sword of Honour for King Albert, who had sent a message on the occasion to the French President, assuring him of Belgium's "faithful remembrance."—[Photograph by C.N.]

the wily Governor sent himself a wireless message purporting to come from H.M.S. *Australia*, to the effect that the ship would be in harbour at dawn. To this he duly sent a reply inviting the C.O. and such other officers as could be spared from duty to breakfast on their arrival. The *Scharnhorst* and her consort were particularly anxious not to meet the *Australia*, and on taking in these messages they prudently turned and fled and Suva was saved.

On approaching Suva, Mulhauser avoided, tempting channels that would have let him quickly through the outer reef into smooth water, because, having no large-scale chart, he did not care to take the risk. "Yet," he continues, "the early navigators, with no charts at all, used to work their unhandy ships into many such places in a way that now seems impossible. They were real seamen, those tough old shell-backs." But the breed and the spirit are still alive, and Mulhauser was a brilliant descendant, whose death was a loss to British seamanship. Perhaps the toils and hardships of his great voyage proved too much for him. When congratulated on his cruise, he replied, "Thanks—nobody but myself would have been such a perfect fool ever to have done it." That was his modesty, but Mulhauser's is just the sort of gallant and reasonable folly that has made Great Britain what she is on the Seven Seas.

As a companion to Mulhauser's story you should take up the latest volume in the "Survey of Empire" series, noticed here last week. This is "THE TRADE, COMMERCE, AND SHIPPING OF THE EMPIRE" (Collins; 16s.), by Sir Charles

McLeod and Professor A. W. Kirkaldy. Designed specially for all those who are really anxious to learn something of our Imperial liabilities and commerce, this excellent account opens with a succinct prologue, giving the history of the opening of the great trade-routes across the world, from the dim days when the Phœnician trader carried his civilising influence from the Mediterranean to our own shores down to the age of Captain Cook's great adventure. This is followed by a fine description of the development of ocean-transport and the evolution of the sailing-ship and the steam-ship. The later sections of the book deal with the effects of science, invention, and initiative on commerce; the effect of industry, finance, exchange, and modern methods; and the work concludes with a general consideration of the Empire and trade, together with a review of the present position and its possibilities.

To the layman, who has at the best but a hazy notion of what shipping business involves, this book will come as a revelation. The story is not only severely practical, but attractively romantic. "If," says Professor Kirkaldy (who has written the major portion of the book), "one considers the whole position of a shipping manager, the variety of knowledge he requires, first of all in building and equipping the ship and then in the matter of operating, one finds that the position, with all its responsibilities, is a very interesting one. It demands a breadth of outlook, a ripe experience, and a steady judgment, probably greater than in any other position in the commercial world. To-day the ship-owner not only watches the markets in which he is interested for freight purposes, but, thanks to wireless, he is in direct and, practically, in complete control of his ships in any part of the world." Tracks have all been carefully thought out, and are laid down by regulations which came into force in January 1899.

Within living memory, two important events have led to changes of great moment to shipping. One was the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, the other the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915. The full consequence of de Lesseps's project is known and realised. The extent to which the Panama route is destined to effect world commerce and the interests of individual nations is still an unknown quantity. Considerations of freight and insurance, of coaling and repair stations, price of coal and changes in the type of marine engine, will modify the situation and help to determine between Panama and Suez. And only recently have experts come to recognise how largely rates of exchange may determine which way trade shall flow. This book gives a clear and excellent conspectus of current shipping problems. Its descriptive portions are always readable, often fascinating, and the statistical tables will prove an added attraction to those who are more moved by hard facts and plain figures than by argument. The volume amply maintains the credit of a valuable series.

On this subject of ships, shipping, and tales of the sea, it may not be out of place to note that "Bookman," in a recent number of the *British Weekly*, has given some most interesting biographical details about Mr. Dale Collins, whose amazing sea-story, "Ordeal" (already noticed here at length) has been compared, not unjustly, in some of its aspects with the work of Conrad. Mr. Collins, it appears, hails from Australia. He was born in Sydney of an Irish father and an English mother. He first saw himself in print when he was eight years old, and at eleven earned his first thirty shillings for "literature" with a contribution to *Puck*. He now lives in London. The best thing "Bookman" records about Mr. Dale Collins concerns the genesis of his powerful and forbidding character in "Ordeal," the steward. When the novelist was a very small boy the steward of an Australian coastal ship picked him up in fun and held him over the rail. The resultant terror haunted his dreams ever after. He hated and feared that steward as he hated and feared no other man, and of his tormentor's career he dreamed terrible things. Hence "Ordeal," the writing of which has relieved the author of a life-long hideous obsession. The novel is therefore a vindication of psycho-analysis as an escape from haunting terrors.

To turn to more frivolous matters, I have just read Mr. Stephen Leacock's new book, "THE GARDEN OF FOLLY" (The Bodley Head; 5s.), which reminds me of a saying of Jack Point's: "An accepted wit has but to say 'Pass the mustard,' and they roar their ribs out." Perhaps I am a stiff and sceptical fogey, but occasionally the jokes of this accepted wit (about whose popular acceptance there is no doubt) leave me cold. When Mr. Leacock, that grave Professor of Economics, began as a diverting writer, he did not so obviously flaunt the cap and bells, and his "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" promised excellent things in portraiture of the smaller Canadian communities. Later efforts in the comic essay or burlesque treatise appealed less to me personally (which does not matter), but they found Mr. Leacock a world-wide audience. It is only in parts, then, that his "Garden of Folly" found me responsive. Yet I believe this author could be equally amusing if he denied himself the cheap and crackling patter to which at times he condescends. As a writer of skits, however, he succeeds, and his present thrust at the gospel of "Success in life," memory-training, and other current fads and follies, is shrewd and well-timed. Perhaps if he were more literary, he would miss his mark with the people he wishes to reach. It may be that he denies himself dignity as a writer in order the more effectively to hold the mirror up to folly. For that sacrifice let him not be denied merit. "So Egalité did not lack virtue, then. God forbid that any man should altogether lack virtue."

THE KING AS YACHTSMAN: HIS MAJESTY TAKES THE WHEEL AT COWES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



SHOWING THE KING IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND JUST THIS SIDE OF THE WHEEL, AT WHICH IS MAJOR PHILIP HUNLOKE: THE DECK OF "BRITANNIA" (FROM THE MAINMAST, LOOKING AFT.)



WAITING FOR THE STARTING SIGNAL: THE KING (IN CENTRE) WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (NEXT) AND SIR CHARLES CUST (RIGHT, WITH TELESCOPE), ABOARD "BRITANNIA."



THE KING AT THE WHEEL OF HIS YACHT FOR THE FIRST TIME (IT IS SAID) DURING A RACE: (L. TO R.) MAJOR HUNLOKE, HIS MAJESTY, AND SIR DEREK KEPPEL.



HIS MAJESTY TAKES AN ACTIVE PART IN SAILING HIS YACHT AT COWES: THE KING LENDS A HAND IN HAULING THE SPINNAKER.



OUR GENIAL SAILOR KING IN HIS ELEMENT: HIS MAJESTY AS A YACHTSMAN ABOARD HIS CUTTER, "BRITANNIA."

The King, as a sailor, is thoroughly at home on the water, and during the Cowes Regatta (from August 4 to 8) he took an active part in sailing his famous cutter, "Britannia," in the various races. On the second day, in the handicap for big yachts, "Britannia" won easily, with Mr. H. Blundell-Weld's "Lulworth" second. The other competitors being Sir C. C. Allom's "White Heather," and Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock." On other days, "White Heather" was the most successful.

In one event the King himself took the wheel of "Britannia," for the first time, it is understood, during a race. It is evident from our photographs that his Majesty keenly enjoyed the sport. Although, in the latter part of the week, lack of wind made the racing somewhat slow, the fine weather caused the time to pass pleasantly. The King and Queen left Cowes on August 11 in the "Victoria and Albert," for Portsmouth, on their way back to London.

An "International" That Has Disappeared.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THAT which Proudhon called disdainfully "the eternal siesta of the human race" seems to be still far distant. The fear of war continues to poison the peace which Europe has laboriously won at the price of so much blood. All the States protest that they only wish for peace, but each nation has at least one neighbour whom it distrusts, and who in its turn distrusts it; each nation denounces its neighbour's distrust as hallucination or calumnies, yet would consider it betrayal of its own country to question its own distrusts. Spectators no longer know what to think. Who is right and who is wrong in these mutual recriminations? On the other side of the Atlantic the masses, astounded by these ever-recurring quarrels, are beginning to ask themselves whether Europe has not been attacked by an incurable madness.

No; Europe has not become a madhouse. The atrocious uncertainty by which her moral forces have been wasted during the last five years have a deeper rooted cause than the waves of hate, fear, and pride which have succeeded the World War. There is a profound desire for peace in all countries, even in those which, from the point of view of their personal interest, have most right to complain of the result of the war. Who can deny it?

But during the nineteenth century Europe was attacked by a strange illness which one might call "the intoxication of perpetual upheaval." There are minds whose conception of life is simply that of tempest and combat; and of history as an immense political and social housebreaker's yard, in which the human soul can rent its energies.

For a century past the restless spirits in each generation find a literature, philosophies, doctrines, political parties, bureaucratic and economic interests, which draw them into groups, which excite them and give them the consciousness of a mission, and sometimes, if circumstances are favourable, nerve them to action.

Even the deluge of blood which has covered half the world during the last ten years has not sufficed to extinguish this effervescence of the European spirit. In nearly all countries to-day there are groups or parties who proclaim that we have so far only witnessed the prologue; the real drama—*coups de force*, white or red dictatorships, social revolutions, wars of revenge, doctrinal wars, inter-continental wars, poisonous gases, swarms of aeroplanes capable of exterminating a whole population or of destroying a great city in a few minutes—as yet to come. It is true that these groups and these parties are nearly everywhere excluded from Government; but who can guarantee that they will not reach that goal, by legal or illegal means, in the near future? Universal suffrage is everywhere a Sphinx of multitudinous riddles. And if, in one of the great European States, universal suffrage should end by demanding perpetual upheaval, either under the form of new wars of revenge or of conquest, or under the form of a social revolution, which would soon engender new wars—what would happen then?

It is this fear, probably chimerical, which condemns Europe to insomnia. The forces which want peace, and the forces which, consciously or not, are urging to new wars, are at grips in almost all countries. It is impossible to predict what will be the result of this struggle, either because all surprises are possible, or because there no longer exists a registering and regulating apparatus for the two conflicting forces which permits us to foresee, to a certain extent, where the probabilities of success lie from moment to moment, what is likely to happen, whether we shall have peace or war. That apparatus did exist in Europe before the war; it was the "International of Courts." The war has destroyed it.

We have here one of the gravest and least-realised consequences of the World War.

Up to the year 1914 foreign policy was conducted by the Courts in all the States of continental Europe with the exception of Switzerland and France.

In great international affairs, the Parliaments only played a subordinate rôle, and nearly always exercised a mere appearance of control. The Sovereigns were no longer the absolute and irresponsible masters, as in 1815 and 1848; they had to take account of public opinion, of the doctrines of the various parties—and of economic interests; but within the limits laid down by these social forces they had in their own hands the direction and initiative in all that concerned the relations with other States.

This system had many inconveniences, as was seen ten years ago, but it assured great stability in the international relations of a continent which was over-populated and over-armed, and in which all the countries lived in a state of dread or suspicion of their neighbours. The Courts were also an "International," select indeed, but more active, for instance, than that of Labour. The members of these Royal and Imperial families knew each other, saw each other often, intermarried, knew languages and could talk together without the need of interpreters; they had a common

system, its aims, or the crises which successively transformed it. Created by a powerful Minister in the secret chambers of three discreet Courts, the nations saw this Alliance stand firm for thirty-two years against the criticism of parties, the diplomatic attacks of adverse Powers, changes of Sovereigns and other events; they saw it become the centre of enormous economic interests, as if it were the secret keystone of the European system. This Alliance was the immovable Sphinx, which did not reveal its secret, known for thirty-two years by forty or fifty persons, until the day when, having preserved peace shrouded in mystery, it equally mysteriously let loose war.

Is it possible to imagine an analogous combination to-day? For five years Europe has crumbled into States and nations which have no longer anything in common, one with the other—neither language nor religion, political ideology nor social structure. "The International of Courts" has disappeared; there no longer exists in Europe a directing force of a cosmopolitan character; each politician speaks his own language, not only in a real, but also in a figurative sense, and the confusion of tongues is as great as round the Tower of Babel, notwithstanding the numerous gangs of interpreters.

Isolated in its own particular mind, each country confides its foreign policy to a Minister who is almost always improvised and unstable, and who has at his back offices which have lost their bearings, and before him an excitable public opinion which varies according to the passionate eddies of feeling of millions of men and women. What power can the offices or the Minister have against the sudden starts, the oscillations, and the contradictions of public opinion? None, or but very little, for to-day, in all countries alike, the State only supports itself upon the soul of the people, and must bend docilely to its incessant movements. The stability of the pre-war system is replaced by perpetual motion, which threatens to make precarious, unstable, and almost fluid the inter-relations of States, and, in consequence, all the foundations of peace—treaties, alliances, "ententes," agreements, confidence, and good faith.

The nations are beginning to grow anxious about this instability, and they are right, for the danger is great, especially for a continent so over-populated—and, taken as a whole, still so over-armed—as Europe, where nations and races divided by secular hatreds are pressed close against one another on narrow territories, in a state of permanent rivalry and friction.

In America the States are protected against their own folly and that of others by the enormous tracts of uninhabited country which isolate them as in a void between purely geographical frontiers, and by the meagreness of the military forces at their disposal. The stability of international relations necessary for the general welfare is imposed on them all by the almost physical impossibility of changing them. In Europe that stability, not being a gift of nature or history, must be gained by a conscious effort of will; by the imposition of a political and moral force, capable of reminding the State which should fail in its international duties of the spirit of moderation and conciliation, of the necessity for the observance of treaties, and the sense of respect for the rights of others.

The conclusion is plain. From 1815 to 1914 Europe possessed that force; she no longer has it. Despite moments of weakness, which were especially numerous between 1848 and 1870, despite proceedings which were often crafty, and intermittent treacheries of dynastic egotism, the policy of the Courts assured a certain balance of power during the nineteenth century between the forces and rights of the Great and the Small Powers of Europe. That balance of power, despite its numerous imperfections, was the most important element in that European political stability, both before and after 1870, which has disappeared to-day. The day when the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs destroyed the monarchical system of Europe by

(Continued on page 331.)



THE PERSONAL TOUCH IN IMPERIAL COMMUNICATIONS: BRITISH AND CANADIAN DELEGATES OF THE EMPIRE PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION ASSEMBLED AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BEFORE LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA, INCLUDING THE COLONIAL SECRETARY, MR. J. H. THOMAS, M.P. (SEATED, CENTRE).

The delegates (seen above) from the United Kingdom and Canadian branches of the Empire Parliamentary Association sailed for South Africa on August 8, in the s.s. "Saxon," to join the Australian and New Zealand delegates there as guests of the Union branch. The photograph shows (l. to r.), front row—Senator the Hon. R. Watson (Canada), Lord Burnham, Sen. the Rt. Hon. Sir George Foster, G.C.M.G. (Can.), Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P. (Colonial Secretary), Sir Douglas Hogg, M.P., Dr. Chapple, and Sir Howard D'Egville (Secretary of the Empire Parliamentary Association). Back row—Sen. Willoughby (Can.), Mr. E. Chevrier, M.P. (Can.), Mr. A. A. Somerville, M.P., Col. Murray MacLaren, M.P. (Can.), Mr. James Welsh, M.P., Senator Boyer (Can.), Mr. H. Snell, M.P., Sir Robert Hamilton, M.P., Mr. Walter Baker, M.P., Capt. Brass, M.P., and Mr. W. G. McQuarrie (Can.). Mr. J. H. Thomas will be the first Colonial Secretary in office to visit South Africa since Mr. Chamberlain's historic tour after the Boer War.—[Photograph by C.N.]

diplomatic system and all the necessary knowledge for its application; they were in a certain measure bound, as are all close corporations, by an almost professional feeling of honour. By knowing the ideas and character of a Sovereign, and the counsellors by whom he was surrounded, it was possible to frame political plans of a certain solidity. If a new problem of foreign policy arose it was relatively easy to guess what would be thought of it in Rome, Vienna, Berlin, or St. Petersburg. It was a question of foretelling the impressions and psychological reactions of a small number of people whose characters, tendencies, and weaknesses were already well known. If it were desired to know up to what point it was possible to count on the maintenance of peace, or whether there was danger of war, judicious soundings could be taken at Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg in certain very select but stable quarters.

Forecasts and plans for a distant future were possible, especially when the policy and character of a Sovereign had become set with age. The critical period of uncertainty was always at the beginning of a reign. But in 1914, when war broke out, the King of Italy had reigned for fourteen years, the Emperor of Russia for twenty, the German Emperor for twenty-six, and the Emperor of Austria for sixty-six years!

The history of the Triple Alliance was the most characteristic example of this indissoluble solidity. Even now we know but little concerning the creation of that political

THE OLDEST PATTERN "BOOK": EGYPTIAN DESIGNS 5000 YEARS OLD.

BY COURTESY OF SIR W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, LITT.D., F.R.S., ETC. PROFESSOR OF EGYPTOLOGY AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.



DATING BACK THE SO-CALLED GREEK PALMETTO (NO. 2) AND GREEK FRET (NO. 5) BY 3000 YEARS: ROOF DECORATION FROM THE ROCK-TOMB OF A PRINCE OF QAU, CUT IN THE NILE CLIFFS 5000 YEARS AGO (ONE SIXTH ORIGINAL SIZE).

Describing these remarkable patterns from ancient Egypt, Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie writes: "High up in the cliffs of the Nile a great hall in the rock has stood open for five thousand years. It is truly cut, with an arched roof spanning more than thirty feet without any pillars. This was part of the tomb of a prince of Qau, about thirty miles south of Assiut. He had this cut in the rock, looking out over his wide dominions, with colonnades and porticos before it. The walls of the Great Hall were covered with finely drawn paintings, and the roof, over twenty feet up, was divided into a hundred squares of patterns, representing mat-work. These patterns are the oldest collection known, more than a dozen different designs,

besides small variations. The copies here are a sixth of the size. What we commonly call the Greek palmetto was already known a thousand years earlier in Egypt; now, in No. 2, it is seen to be yet a couple of thousand years earlier still. The little thorn-like projections suggest that the long lines and coils were taken from some climbing plant. Another old friend is the Greek fret, so called (No. 5), which, frets and all, might be supposed not to be half as old as it is. Nos. 3 and 4 are strange combinations which were never used later; the other patterns were continued for ages afterwards. All of these were doubtless stock patterns of that remote age, and were varied according to the decorator's taste."



THE COLOUR OF HONG-KONG: CHINESE JUNKS AND SAMPANS IN THE HARBOUR, WHICH IS SHOWN IN MODEL FORM AT WEMBLEY.

The picturesque port of Hong-Kong presents a strange mixture of the oldest and the newest types of craft. The native Chinese junks and sampans are constructed on lines that differ but little from the vessels of antiquity and the Middle Ages, as represented in Western art. They have preserved through the ages the general form both of the ancient Phœnician galley and the Saracen vessels of the Middle Ages. As a French writer says: "The heraldic ship in the arms of the City of Paris and a Chinese junk are as like as two sisters. . . . The word 'jonque' (junk) is a French form of the Portuguese 'junco.' . . . 'Sampan' is a Chinese word meaning literally 'three planks,' and originally used as a term of derision for small European boats." Modern Hong-Kong, as a British port and coaling-station, is a great shipbuilding centre. The

Official Guide to the Wembley Exhibition, describing the Hong-Kong Pavilion, says: "On either side (of the entrance) are buildings in which are shown exhibits of the Colony's most important industry—shipbuilding. More ships were constructed in Hong-Kong last year than in all the rest of the Empire—outside the United Kingdom—put together. The large-scale model of the port, that of Hong-Kong itself, and another on a smaller scale of the whole colony, will be of deep interest to those for whom such things hold real romance." In the Hong-Kong street at Wembley British exhibitors show models of ships, rope, cement, and a model dockyard, while behind the model of the port visitors can look through peep-holes at a realistic reproduction of the harbour by night, one of the dazzling sights of the world.



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"MOMENTS OF MAGNITUDE AND SUSPENSE": CLOSE-UPS OF THE WILD.

"STALKING BIG GAME WITH A CAMERA." By MARIUS MAXWELL.*

MODESTLY suggesting that his camera adventures with *E. africanus knochenaueri* may grow monotonous despite their "moments of magnitude and suspense," and evidently unwilling to have it argued that, in the words of Swift, he is blood-brother to those geographers who "in Afric maps, With savage pictures fill their gaps, And o'er unhabitable downs Place elephants in place of towns," Mr. Marius Maxwell offers various diversions—the wildebeest; the zebra; the swamp-sheltering buffalo betrayed by insect-seeking, snow-white egrets or cowherons; the dull-witted, fidgety, erratic rhinoceros and his tick-removing attendant birds; the hippopotamus; and the unbelievable giraffe—tallest of all mammals—travelling at from eight-and-twenty to

now kept incessantly testing air-currents by the simple method of dropping decayed tree-bark, which he deftly rubbed between his fingers into a coarse powder, deciding upon the direction of the wind from the fall of the light particles."

A vital precaution this in the case of all quarry, but particularly in that of the elephant, for, although his hearing is not very acute and he is distinctly short-sighted, "there is probably no animal possessed of a finer sense of smell than these giants of the African wilds; they will differentiate, by scent, the animals in their vicinity, and, with a suitable wind, smell the white hunter from a distance of several miles. Their natural indolence and phlegm, however, frequently leave them quite indifferent until, by the increasing intensity of the smell, they gauge the near approach of the suspected danger. That they can, to a nicety, detect such movements by the waxing or waning strength of the scent may, on occasions, be observed from their behaviour in the case of the approach or departure of the moving object."

Little wonder that it is a man's job to snapshot them. Even Mr. Maxwell, who refrains most studiously from the heroic, is constrained to write: "Admittedly, few animals give the hunter such strenuous work in their pursuit as the elephant does in bush country. You tramp for hours through the parched veldt under a blazing tropical sun, tear through thorn-scrub, climb laboriously up boulder-strewn hillsides, stumble down precipitous ravines, until finally, dead beat and thirsty, you reach the particular bush or forest where the spoor is fresh. After a few minutes' rest you plunge into the forest, and often find the

of the stampeding beasts, growing in loudness with every fraction of a second, and the regularity of the beat of ponderous feet announcing their increasing proximity, are rather trying to the nerves of the eye-witness, sheltering behind the insignificant cover of some isolated shrub.

"Accidents on such occasions can occur through want of rigid control over one's feelings, which are liable to run riot and prompt a confused spectator to dart across the path of the maddened and panic-stricken beasts in a fruitless endeavour to get out of their way."

Fortunate it is that Mr. Maxwell is one of those who can note coolly of his photograph of a confrontation: "It shows the Masai elephant in his native environment, at the shortest distance from which the camera huntsman is ever likely to wish to snap his object. The surprised attitude of the great beast as it finds its passage momentarily barred by the puny figure of a man is interesting, both from the point of view of the naturalist as well as from that of the keen sportsman." And: "Even the foregoing photograph of the Masai bull elephant, taken at a distance of approximately eight yards, hardly does sufficient justice to the original. A face-to-face encounter with the African elephant of the wilds is, if anything, still more impressive than a similar meeting with his Asiatic cousin. His huge ears fully spread out (more than double the width of the Indian elephant's ears), and his towering height, on an average roughly a foot greater than that of the Asiatic elephant, are exceedingly impressive when the tremendous frontal is growing in size at every advancing stride. It is one of the finest sights in nature.

"To watch for the first time the reflected image of the giant in this attitude growing larger and larger on the focussing glass of a reflex camera is perhaps one of the strangest and most thrilling of incidents for the huntsman, and one that is not easily forgotten by the enthusiastic photographer.

"The long hours of waiting when the herd is first located, the excitement when a selected bull is at length marked down, and finally the speculative work of stalking up to this particular member of the herd, until its image, in satisfactory size, is reflected on the ground glass, are all in the exciting game of animal photography. With what pleasure, finally, does the click of the shutter strike upon the ear."

So much for quarry as fearsome as the Miltonic "elephants endor'd with towers." For the rest, it must be said that Mr. Marius Maxwell has proved himself one of the greatest photographers of the wild. The very many beautiful photogravure reproductions in his book are unshakable evidence, not only of his skill and his daring, but of his knowledge and appreciation of the points of his "prey." He records and analyses action, with word as well as film; and he adds much lore and learning as to



STARTLED BY THE NOISE OF THE CAMERA SHUTTER? A BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS TROTTERING INTO THE WATER OF A POOL.

Photograph by Marius Maxwell. Reproduced from his book, "Stalking Big Game with a Camera."

two-and-thirty miles an hour, as registered by the speedometer of the pursuing car from which it was "taken." In each case there are magnificent photographs—"close-ups" of the wild—with enlightening comments upon the "sitters" and their idiosyncrasies: a splendid apology indeed.

None, in fact, will accuse the photographer-author of monotony, however true it may be that he is especially concerned with *Tembo*. There was nothing of the oh, so simple "Take your Kodak to the 'Zoo' and we do the rest" about his journeyings in Kenya Colony and Tanganyika Territory. He craved the hunter's view, not that of the telephoto lens. He did not despise the long-distance snapshot on occasion, but he did not favour it. For the greater part of his work he used a five-by-four Reflex hand-camera fitted with a rapid lens of F 3.5 or F 4.5 aperture and six to ten inch focus. That meant that he must be within a few yards of his quarry. Further, he did not adopt shelters, blinds, perches, or other artificial means of screening his activities. He stalked with camera in place of rifle, that he might depict the greater game animals of East Equatorial Africa as they live, without distortion or false effect.

Needless to say, difficulties were many. The photographer must have reasonable light, his lens must be clear of obstructing vegetation, his subject must be within a prescribed area. The "sitter" must be tracked, watched until he permits favourable opportunity to focus and take—and avoids, even shot, should he turn furiously aggressive.

The approach alone is an art. Mr. Maxwell relied upon a placid, unassuming, and rather timid Ndorobo, a "degraded Masai," who appeared scantily "attired" in a blanket and mild confidence, and proved a master of his craft. See him answer a call. "His attitude became alert, and he instinctively picked up a handful of loose earth and allowed it to trickle between his fingers to gauge the direction of the wind.

"His fine sense of hearing had apparently warned him that a few of the elusive beasts had strayed up the valley in the opposite direction from that in which the faint trumpeting was heard. True enough, on further listening, the faint, intermittent snapping of twigs was clearly distinguishable closer. Kibendoi

growth so thick that you have to push your way through—bent double—crawling and creeping through leafy passages under a low roof of vegetation. The pursuit, lasting sometimes from early morning, before the break of day, till late in the evening, through all this elastic cover, may be rewarded merely by the discovery that the elusive animals have winded you, and are steadily brushing their way ahead, in the seemingly endless bush."

There is danger, too, although the elephant is fearful rather than a fighter. His very terror at the unexpected and unknown may make him a peril. His false charge is menace only, and stops short; a feint of trumpetings, erect head, raised trunk, out-stretched ears and rush. But there may be real, truculent action, and death on a furiously driven tusk. The chief risk it would seem, however, is from a stampeding herd. Mr. Maxwell writes: "It is remarkable that even in the headlong stampede of a herd, an elephant will show—after the first rush of a dozen paces or so—an instinctive aptitude in avoiding a collision with trees and stumps. An observer standing behind a thorn-tree of average size will usually be quite safe, provided he restrains his emotions and watches quietly the stampeding animals brushing past. The natural inclination, under such conditions, is to dash out of the way of the madly rushing crowd: this is precisely the very worst thing to do in the circumstances." And again: "Another grand sight . . . is witnessed when a large herd has become thoroughly alarmed and the frantic members are seen unconsciously bearing down straight in his direction, with ears extended, trunks poised in front of their immense chests, their quick bobbing heads growing rapidly in size and their gigantic bodies foreshortening with each approaching stride. The intermittent deafening shrieks and shrill trumpetings



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A DISTANCE OF A FEW FEET: SURPRISED AND SLUGGISH HIPPOPOTAMI IN KENYA COLONY.

Photograph by Marius Maxwell. Reproduced from his book, "Stalking Big Game with a Camera."

primeval man and the pleistocene *elephas*, the ancestry of modern elephants, industrial development and ancestral evolution, and so forth. His "Stalking Big Game with a Camera" will rank with the classics of its class. Primarily designed to present his pictures, it can also claim much literary merit; to say nothing of a worthily attractive and impressive format.

E. H. G.

* "Stalking Big Game with a Camera in Equatorial Africa." By Marius Maxwell. Containing 113 Plates after Photographs by the Author. With a Preface by Sir Sidney F. Harmer, K.B.E., D.Sc., V.P.R.S., Director of the British Museum (Nat. Hist.) [London: The Medici Society, Grafton Street; £12 12s. net.]

"CLOSE-UPS" OF THE WILD: ELEPHANTS STALKED AND SNAPSHOTTED.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. MARIUS MAXWELL; REPRODUCED FROM HIS BOOK, "STALKING BIG GAME WITH A CAMERA." (SEE PAGE 319.)

WITH TRUNK
CURLED INWARDS
IN THE ACT OF
PUSHING A PALM-
NUT INTO ITS
MOUTH:
AN ELEPHANT
PHOTOGRAPHED
IN A GROVE OF
DOME PALMS,
SHORTLY BEFORE
IT SAUNTERED
TOWARDS THE
HUNTER WITH
THE CAMERA.



FIVE YARDS FROM
THE DARING
PHOTOGRAPHER
WHO STALKED IT:
A LISTLESS,
HALF-DOZING
ELEPHANT
"TAKEN" IN ITS
NATURAL
SURROUNDINGS
BY A REFLEX
HAND-CAMERA
USED AT SHORT
RANGE.

On this page, and on the page opposite, we give three illustrations from the many superbly reproduced in Mr. Marius Maxwell's "Stalking Big Game with a Camera," short-range photographs perhaps additionally interesting at the moment in that they were taken in East Africa, to which the Duke and Duchess of York are to pay a visit in November. The first of those here given was taken near Campi Kitemaster, on the margin of the Guaso Nyiro, where the fringes of Dome palms along the river bank was skirted, that a suitable camping ground might be found. As to this district, Mr. Marius Maxwell notes: "Elephants . . . in this locality appear to be partial to the fruit of the Dome palm, and are frequently to be found loitering in the groves. The third illustration of this series [that is,

the photograph given above] depicts the creature with its trunk curled inwards in the act of pushing a palm-nut into its mouth, shortly before it sauntered towards me and became suddenly aware of my presence. Startled by the strange apparition, it wheeled round unceremoniously and shuffled off." Of the lower photograph Mr. Maxwell comments: "From the accompanying photograph it may be gathered how listless or half-dozing individuals can at times be approached close enough to allow the image to show a satisfactory size on the plate, even with a lens focus of six inches, and to obtain thereby a wealth of detail of the subject. This particular individual, when the photograph was taken, could hardly have been more than five yards away from the operator."

ALARMED: A BULL BUFFALO CONFRONTED BY THE CAMERA.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. MARIUS MAXWELL; REPRODUCED FROM HIS BOOK, "STALKING BIG GAME WITH A CAMERA." (SEE PAGE 319.)



FACE TO FACE WITH AN AFRICAN BUFFALO IN ITS NATIVE WILDS: THE GREAT BEAST SURPRISED WHILE FEEDING AND STANDING ALERT.

Describing this picture, Mr. Marius Maxwell tells how he surprised a laggard member of a herd of African buffalo at Bolessa, in the Northern Frontier district of Kenya Colony, and was able to take a pair of photographs of this fine solitary bull, in its natural surroundings. He had just planted the light tripod of his camera on the uneven ground when the bull suddenly raised its head above the growth and stood alert, as if listening. Then it turned, facing the camera. "With head raised, nose pointed forward, and horns laid back in a challenging attitude,"

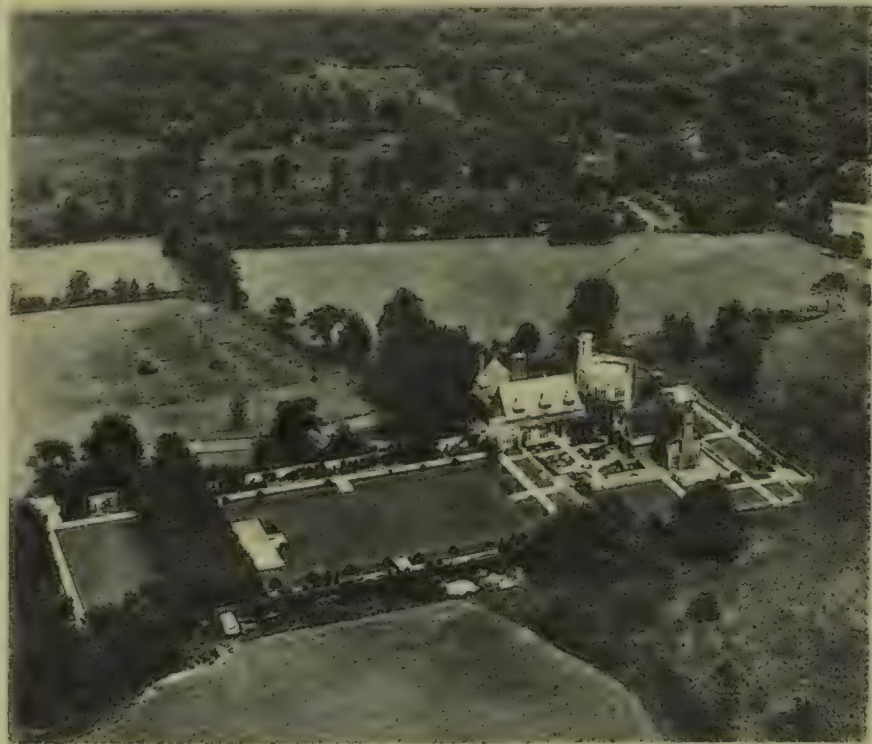
he notes, "the buffalo gazed steadfastly at me, obviously mystified by the close proximity of such a strange apparition." The partly chewed heather in its mouth and the sprig on its frontlet are signs of an interrupted feed. The action of the shutter made the beast snort and move a few steps forward. "For a second time it halted, but now much nearer, and posed in a slightly altered attitude. This time the rap of the shutter at such close quarters proved too much for the buffalo: with a parting snort, it wheeled round and cantered out of sight."

TAKEN TO AMERICA IN 688 CASES: THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE U.S.

By COURTESY OF "COUNTRY LIFE," New York. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN W. GILLIES AND ROGER B. WHITMAN. AEROPLANE VIEW BY CAPTAIN JAMES SUYDAM.



BUILT AT IPSWICH IN 1597, PULLED DOWN IN 1910, AND RE-ERECTED IN AMERICA: PART OF THE OLD ENGLISH WING AT KHAKUM WOOD, WITH CHARACTERISTIC CHIMNEYS.



WITH OLD "HIGH-LOW HOUSE" FROM IPSWICH FORMING A WING (ON THE RIGHT): AN AIR VIEW OF KHAKUM WOOD (AT GREENWICH, CONN.), WHOSE MODERN PORTION CONTAINS TIMBER FROM AN OLD BRITISH LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.



WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL CARVED WOODWORK OF TUDOR DAYS: THE FRONT DOOR OF THE OLD ENGLISH HOUSE REBUILT IN AMERICA.



WITH EVERY BEAM AND TILE IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION: THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE OLD HOUSE, THE DOOR OPENING ON AN ENGLISH PLEAUNCE.

"The oldest house in the United States," we read in "Country Life" (New York), "is undoubtedly the half-timbered wing of the residence of Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, near the village of Round Hill, Greenwich, Conn. Built towards the end of the sixteenth century in Ipswich, Suffolk County, England, 'High-Low House' was condemned in 1910 to make way for local improvements, and was then offered for sale. The impression that in style and period it corresponded with the design of the house that Mr. Stokes was then building, for his own occupancy, was not only confirmed by a detailed inspection, but the dimensions were shown

to be such that a combination would be practicable. Plans were thereupon altered to utilise it as a wing, and its demolition and journey took place in the following year, its reconstruction on its present site being completed in 1912. It stands to-day as it stood in England, each timber and roof tile and chimney brick in its original position, and preserving all the mellowness and irregularities that come only with age. The weathered red-tiled roof and the soft tones of the aged timbering and brickwork are in natural and charming contrast to the grey stone and slate of the main body of the house, which, although designed long before there was

[Continued opposite.]

REBUILT BRICK BY BRICK IN AMERICA: AN OLD HOUSE FROM ENGLAND.

BY COURTESY OF "COUNTRY LIFE," NEW YORK. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN W. GILLIES AND ROGER B. WHITMAN.



A HARMONIOUS BLEND OF OLD ENGLISH AND MODERN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE: KHAKUM WOOD, CONNECTICUT, WITH THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE FROM IPSWICH FORMING ONE WING (ON THE RIGHT) AND A TYPICALLY ENGLISH PLEASAUNCE, UNUSUAL IN THE UNITED STATES.



JUST AS IT STOOD IN THE ENGLAND OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY: THE BACK OF THE OLD TUDOR HOUSE FROM IPSWICH, TRANSPORTED TO AMERICA IN 688 CASES AND BUNDLES, AND RE-ERECTED WITH EACH BRICK, TILE, AND TIMBER IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION.

Continued.]

any thought of incorporating the ancient wing, has the characteristics that make the union most harmonious; old timber from wrecked ships was used throughout, for example, the greater part being deck timbers from the British line-of-battle ship 'Duke of Wellington.' . . . The house arrived in Connecticut in 688 cases and bundles, and was re-erected by the foreman who had demolished it. . . . Placed on a hill-top, the house commands extensive views over gently rolling country of the great sweep of Long Island Sound, and of the Westchester Hills. The land immediately surrounding it has been developed into a landscape as

typically English as is the house, with low-walled gardens clustering about the old wing, and a pleasaunce, quite unusual in the United States, stretching towards a screen of trees, to the north. This carpet of finely clipped turf is surrounded by a high stone wall, for the greater part screened by foliage and flowering shrubs, and bordered by clipped yew and box. Across its farther end is a pleached alley of clipped English linden, under the edge of which is the swimming-pool. In the whole picture there is no jarring note, nothing that conflicts with the atmosphere of peace and contentment and beauty."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE MALLARD IN "ECLIPSE."

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

IN my present rural retreat innumerable reminders of old problems are coming back to me; and now, in the light of added experience, they take new shapes. Hand-reared wild ducks splash about in fits of ecstasy on the dyke leading on to the Broad, or sun themselves on its banks, showing no uneasiness if approached cautiously, and thus allowing one to take notes, at ease, of the wonderfully interesting phase of plumage which they now present: for they are in "eclipse." That is to say, the male, or "mallard," to the uninitiated, would seem to be missing from among these small parties by the waterside. He is there, however, all the same; but disguised by a dress which, save to the expert, is not to be distinguished from that of the female.

Darwin was the first to attempt to explain the facts concerning this change, as they were known in his day, in regard to the wild-duck. Briefly, they are as follows. As soon as the "courting" period is over, and the task of incubating the eggs begun, the male forsakes his mate, and proceeds to doff his handsome dress of green and grey and chestnut-red, and the white ring which adorns his neck. He exchanges this for that other which, as we have said, is so like the sober garb of his mate, and which harmonises so well with the dead foliage of reed and rush and sedge amid which she hides her nest. The broad facts of this "eclipse" dress have been known to sportsmen for generations. But sportsmen rarely concern themselves with attempts to explain facts of this kind. It does not occur to them that they need explanation. It was Darwin who first showed that more lay behind this interesting sequence of events than had been suspected.

He suggested that this assumption of what is, to all intents and purposes, the dress of the female, had been brought about by the action of "natural selection." He pointed out that this change was accompanied by the simultaneous "moulting," or shedding, of all the quill-feathers of the wings, so that for some time escape from foes by flight was

impossible. Undue prominence was given to this periodical enforced effacement, thus obscuring the relation of this moult to that of other birds with which, of necessity, it must be compared if its true significance is to be understood.

That there is a very material source of protection in this replacement of the resplendent plumage by one of sober hues, there can be no question. But it can be shown, with equal certainty, that this change, this "moult," has not been specially evolved to meet the needs of the mallard alone, or even of its numerous near relations which wear a similar "eclipse" dress. For, in the first place, the simultaneous shedding of the quills, which accompanies this change, is not

in this change. But in the scarlet tanager, the males alone become thus glorified. In the winter plumage this bird is green, with black wings and tail. In the spring, a brilliant scarlet replaces the green. In all these cases we have a strictly "nuptial" plumage, which is soon discarded.

It seems clear that this potentiality for "hyper-pigmentation," or, in other words, the intensification of or concentration of the pigmentation to form brilliant masses of colour, is intimately associated with the reawakening of the sexual glands; which form what are known as "hormones," having the property, among other things, of thus affecting the coloration. When once this process begins, it would seem that it creates a "diathesis" in the direction of pigmentation, so that the assumption of the breeding-dress begins earlier and earlier in the year, and is worn longer and longer, until, at last, the "winter-plumage" is crowded out. We have instances of this in the case of the partridge, the black-cock, and the jungle-fowl, wherein only the head and neck put on a "winter-dress," which is but of short duration.

In many species, as, for example, in the pheasant, the male alone wears his fine feathers throughout the year. But the hen, if the ovaries become diseased, will also assume the dress of her lord; which confirms the contention that this intensification of the coloration is intimately associated with the secretions of the sexual glands. In other species, the female, with advancing age, shows a tendency to assume the resplendent dress of the male; and in many she at last becomes indistinguishable from her mate; as with the starling, when the young alone, for a season, wear the dull hues of their ancestors. In the case of the jay and the kingfisher, this power of intensifying the brilliancy of the plumage has been acquired also by the young, so that both sexes, throughout their lives, are brilliantly coloured.

In the wild-duck, then, we have an interesting stage towards the evolution of a permanently



AT A STAGE WHEN THE BIRD CANNOT FLY: A WILD DUCK'S WING WITH THE COVERT-FEATHERS REMOVED TO SHOW THE DEVELOPING "FLIGHT" FEATHERS.

"The developing 'quill' or 'flight' feathers are still not more than half grown. Some of the covert-feathers are also being renewed. Until the flight-feathers have completed their growth, flight is impossible."



AFTER THE NEW "QUILL," OR "FLIGHT," FEATHERS HAVE APPEARED: THE WING OF A MALLARD (THE MALE OF THE WILD DUCK).

"The oblong band of steel-blue and white, known as the 'Speculum,' shown in the above photograph, is a conspicuous feature of the wings of the ducks."—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

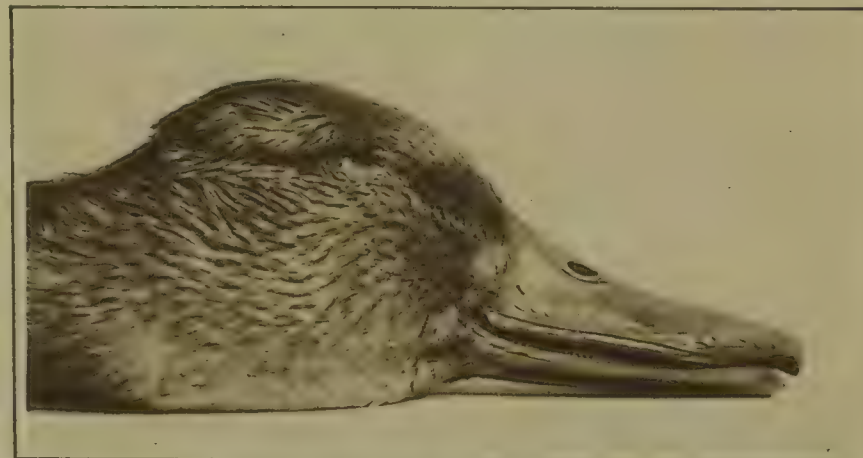
confined to those members of the duck-tribe wherein the males wear a resplendent plumage, as compared with that of the females. For it occurs, for example, in the geese and swans, and in the grebes and rails, as well as in other groups. The key to the riddle of the "eclipse" plumage of the ducks is to be found in other groups of birds, wherein the resplendent plumage is assumed, in the early spring, as a "breeding dress," and exchanged in the autumn for a "winter-plumage." The ruff, knot, curlew-sandpiper, dunlin, golden and grey plovers, afford striking illustrations of this; and to these may be added the scarlet tanager and the bob-o-link. This list might be greatly extended.

The ruff, in the spring, puts on a great "Elizabethan" frill, and materially changes the coloration



WITH DARK, BOTTLE-GREEN FEATHERS JUST BEGINNING TO REPLACE THOSE OF THE "ECLIPSE" DRESS: THE HEAD OF A MALLARD.

"The large fleshy tongue and the lamellae along the sides of the beak are worth noting."



SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC PLUMAGE OF THE FEMALE: THE HEAD OF A WILD DUCK (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE MALLARD OPPOSITE).

"This is the head of a female wild duck. Only the male is properly called the mallard."

impossible. Individuals, he claimed, which at this time tended to exchange this bright and conspicuous plumage for one which made concealment possible would have better chances of escape from enemies than those which retained their bright hues. By the elimination of the more conservative, those alone would be left wherein a protective dress was assumed.

At the time he wrote, however, less was known of the life histories of the "surface-feeding," and nothing at all of the "diving-ducks" in this regard. Hence, the case of the mallard was seen out of its true

of the rest of the body. The knot and the curlew-sandpiper exchange the grey-and-white dress of winter for one wherein the breast is of a rich rust-red, while the upper parts are variegated with dark brown and buff. The dunlin and the grey and golden plovers have black breasts, and the upper parts are also black; but spotted in the one with white, and the other with golden yellow. Their coloration, in short, is absolutely different in this breeding-dress from that worn during the rest of the year. Except in the case of the ruff, it is to be noticed, both sexes participate

resplendent dress. His "eclipse" dress answers to the "winter-plumage" of, say, the ruff, or the knot. A further and final stage is that found in certain of the gallinaceous birds like the partridge and the blackcock. Laboured attempts have been made to show that the assumption of a resplendent plumage is entirely dependent on the need, or otherwise, for concealment during the nesting period. By selecting facts to fit the theory, a plausible case may be made out for this view; but an impartial survey will show that it is really untenable.

ANT-BUILT "SKY-SCRAPERS": CURIOSITIES OF TERMITE ARCHITECTURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 TO 4, BY PROFESSOR R. W. DOANE, OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA, BY COURTESY OF "NATURAL HISTORY" (NEW YORK); NO. 5, BY LEON BAYER, M.D., BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK "ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN."



1. FAULTY IN "ENGINEERING," AS ITS CENTRE OF GRAVITY WAS NOT KEPT OVER THE BASE: ONE OF A GROUP OF CALIFORNIAN TERMITE TURRETS FROM 3 TO 17 IN. HIGH.



2. BRANCHED LIKE CORAL: ANOTHER GROUP OF SMALL TERMITE TURRETS IN A GREENHOUSE, WHICH CRUMBLLED AT A TOUCH, WHILE WHITE ANTS CRAWLED OUT OF THEM.



3. FOUND IN THE BASEMENT OF A HOUSE: A TERMITE TURRET 8½ IN. HIGH.



4. ON A CONCRETE WALL IN CALIFORNIA: A TERMITE TURRET NEARLY 15 IN. HIGH.



5. FAR MORE COLOSSAL (IN PROPORTION TO THE SIZE OF ITS BUILDERS) THAN ANY NEW YORK "SKY-SCRAPER": A MONSTER TOWER (ABOUT 20 FT. HIGH) ERECTED BY WHITE ANTS IN EAST AFRICA.

Describing the first four of the above photographs, taken at a house in Palo Alto, California, Professor R. W. Doane says: "Termites, misleadingly known as white 'ants,' differ from the true ants in many other respects besides colour. Yet, like the ants, they lead a communal existence, have different castes, and erect structures that may well excite admiration. The first one of these turrets (No. 4) was found rising from a concrete wall that surrounded the lower part of the basement. . . . All of the turrets were very brittle, a slight touch being enough to send them crumbling to the ground. As soon as any part of a turret was broken, a few termites would crawl out. . . . Some smaller ones (No. 2) were discovered in a greenhouse. . . . The termites that built these turrets belong to

the species *Reticulitermes hesperus*." Photograph No. 5, taken in the Kerio-Suk region of East Africa, shows a termite tower on a huge scale. Dr. Leon Bayer, who took it, writes: "These chimneys may attain a height of 20 ft. above the ground. They are hollow, and probably help to regulate the amount of moisture in the ant-galleries that lead many feet below the surface. The many openings at the base often give shelter to a variety of the smaller mammals. The indefatigable builders of these structures, the 'white ants' or termites, force one to move camp frequently, as they destroy much of the camp outfit if left on the same spot any number of days. The extreme solidity and height of these hills makes them useful points of vantage for hunters as well as for game."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE UNDERSTUDY.—BINNIE HALE.

URGENT whip: "Please, please come and see me, as Miss X. is off with laryngitis. It is my great chance; it may be my only one. It would mean so much to me!"

Well, it so happened that the week was nearly blank—no premières, no matinées, that mattered; so why not be the good Samaritan and, to help a young

illness, and she never henceforth missed a night to the end of the run, which extended over a whole year. Let me add, as a rider to the little story, that the understudy is to-day, if not one of the most famous, one of the most highly valued artists in America. She has revisited London since, not as an understudy but as a star; the play she brought was not very successful, but her work was praised by the critics without exception.

One could add more experiences—of cases where the understudy came into his or her own; where a chorus-girl stepped from the ranks and, in the absence of the star, offered her services, saying that she knew every note and every line of the play, and made good. But these are the exceptions. On the whole, the lot of the understudy is a sad one—a light under a bushel. There is one who for three long years understudied the leading lady, and never, never enjoyed one night's glamour. Most of them eat their hearts out in oblivion, and, as a subterfuge to slake their thirst of ambition, go in the provinces, there to remain in the illusion of local fame. It always recalls my old story of the actor who for years scored in the provinces, came to London in long, vain quest of employment, and lamented that he could not understand why the London managers would not have him, for "in Cardiff they had given him an ovation." "In Cardiff"—*O sancta simplicitas!*

I, for one, feel deeply for the understudy. What a life! Day after day, night after night, to report at the stage-door and to remain for hours, as prescribed by contract, waiting, yearning for the chance that may never come, or if it comes passes unnoticed by the world at large and at best impels a compliment from the stage-manager, and, with luck, from the manager. But the morrow brings nothing. The same trudge, the same hope, the same vigil, the same futility. Of course, it will be argued

that many actors have to be thankful for the job, and that half a loaf is better than no bread. Again, it may be urged that many understudies are chosen as a kind of mechanical stopgap; that they are not chosen for their talent but their adaptability; that their work, in a sense, is parrot's work; that they are not expected nor wanted to create but to re-create, or rather, to imitate; and that to be successful in that way is by no means evidence of gifts beyond technical understudying and experience. Let this be freely granted: I have seen many understudy performances that evoked the comparison of chalk and cheese, and not only because of personality—that indefinable dower of nature—but simply because the performer had neither style nor grace, nor diction, and simply did what she was asked to do by reflection in a machine-made manner. But—and this is my contention—there are in our principal theatres a fair number of unknown, or comparatively unknown actors, who might come to the fore and prove that, although they had studied a part on the model of the creator, they possessed all the qualities warranting promotion. It is in these—who are prevented from progress by circumstances—that I take a deep interest. And I, for one, would, time permitting, gladly answer the call to come and see a play once again with the understudies in leading parts, in the happy expectation of a discovery and the making of a career.

Binnie Hale's is a paternal heritage, from her wonderful father,

Robert. To all of us "Bobbie" Hale is the youngest of veterans. Thirty years of stage service—without a break, without a failure; without a hair of his dark and bountiful crop turned frosty; without an enemy, but with a host of friends; and, best of all, a fund of humour as inexhaustible as the deep sea.

But it is not of Bobbie that I would write, but of Binnie, the slim girl in her 'teens, with the vivacious eyes, the flexible features, the lissom limbs and frame; the sprightly, troll-like little person who flits across the stage like a messenger from fairyland. She is all life and hustle; she is all *insouciance* and freedom; she may be conscious within, but she never shows concern or artifice. She is the regular *enfant de la balle*. Acting is her second nature. She never conveys the feeling that she has learned her part, that she interprets something second-hand, created by another. She can assimilate, create, make-believe; she can be a tomboy; she can startle us, made up beyond recognition, as a *prima donna* of ripe vintage still warbling love-songs in maidenly affectation, but also in vain quest of the high notes that vanished with youth. Here her humour changes to pathos, and the young actress reveals a heart as well as a mentality.

But her greatest gift, at present, is her 'cute observation of others; the lens of her intellect that records the ways, the manners, the mannerisms, and the weaknesses of stars. When she imitates Evelyn Laye and José Collins, her satire is a little cutting, but, oh! how true it is—a real picture reflected in one of those distorting mirrors that exaggerate, perhaps, but make us see ourselves as other people see us when in critical mood. And in all Binnie Hale does—and she is never at rest, always busy in her unobtrusive way to illuminate the picture—her charm is captivating. To behold her is to understand the meaning of the seventh heaven—the summer days of life—when joy and hope and purblindness to care make sun-rays all the way.



COSTUMES OF 1850 FILMED IN MODERN SEVILLE: VIOLETTA (RAQUEL MELLER) AS A FLOWER-GIRL, IN "VIOLETTES IMPÉRIALES," TO BE SEEN AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE ON AUG. 18.

artist full of hope and bristling with ambition, sit out the play a second time?

When I went to the theatre there was no little sheet in my programme: "Owing to the indisposition of," etc. But that meant nothing. I have been over and over again to matinées and found, instead of the star, somebody else; not always the real understudy, but the understudy of the understudy, pressed into service at the last moment owing to that indisposition.

The play began, and who should take the part I came to see but the lady who was its creator and who was supposed to have a bad throat! The understudy's chance was gone—by the way, she never had another—for the original creator had miraculously recovered, or made up her mind not to risk comparisons. For these things occur. I remember some years ago, during the run of a very successful play, on a Saturday afternoon the critic of a great Sunday paper happened to drop in at a matinée: he had to escort some country-cousins, and wanted to give them a good time. Also on this occasion there was a leaflet in the programme; also the heroine was ill and her place to be taken by the understudy—a clever but fairly unknown actress who had obtained some praise for her interpretation of a character-part of an old woman. Oh dear! what a disappointment! The country-cousins came to see a name, and they were to be put off with a nonentity! Half the pleasure was gone. But the miracle happened. The understudy was neither very young nor very beautiful, and the clothes of the heroine, who was *petite* but plump, fluttered strangely around her lanky body. There was no prepossession by appearance. But then came the acting—brilliant, impassioned, moving—and the country-cousins were entranced; the critic was carried away. What a performance! Why, this was great art, not virtuosity. For once, the French adage of the seconds eclipsed when they take the place of the first was belied. The critic rushed to his paper and wrote nearly a column in praise of the understudy—and by no means in disparagement of the creator of the part. What happened behind the scenes remained unrecorded, but on the Monday the star had as by magic recovered from her "severe"



A FILM ROMANCE ON THE EARLY LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE: "VIOLETTES IMPÉRIALES," TO BE PRODUCED AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE—VIOLETTA (RAQUEL MELLER) AND HER CHILDREN.

"Violettes Impériales," which Mr. C. B. Cochran has arranged to produce at the New Scala Theatre on August 18, is a film romance by M. Henry Roussell, dealing with the early life of Eugénie de Montijo (afterwards the Empress Eugénie), who married Napoleon III. in 1853. The story tells how she was prevented from marrying a Spaniard by a flower-girl of Seville, with whom she made friends. Some of the scenes were filmed in the Cathedral of Zamora, as illustrated in our issue of December 22 last, after the picture had been produced abroad.

Photographs by G.P.A.



(Falstaff)

DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF HUMOUR

Humour is the spring that sets laughter going. It plays a great part in the scheme of things; easing many a strain and lightening many a burden. For when all is said and done a good laugh puts one in tune with life and so does the genial charm of . . .

DEWAR'S



THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Queen, although a fair sailor, is not a yachswoman. At Cowes, her Majesty went for a motor trip each day, while the King was thoroughly enjoying his grand spins in the beautiful *Britannia*—the fresher the breeze, the more his Majesty enjoyed himself. The Duke of Connaught, too, went racing, and so did the Marquise d'Hautpoul, who served her apprenticeship to yachting with our "sea-king's daughter from over the sea." As the Hon. Julia Stonor, the Marquise was practically brought up by Queen Alexandra, in whose Household her father and mother were until their death. Each day those on the look-out would see the Queen seated in the royal pinnacle, either going to or returning from East Cowes, where she disembarked for her car, an ordinary hired one, driven by a man who knows the island and its every nook and corner. The Countess of Shaftesbury was usually with the Queen, and also, as a rule, landed at the Squadron in the morning and met many friends. Lord Shaftesbury was staying ashore at the beginning of the week.

The Squadron gardens were the rendezvous for yachtsmen and yachswomen, the former very smart in blue serge suits or blue serge coats and white

and walk through the little side gate and thence into the Castle. The table was beautifully decorated with pink carnations and sweet peas and silver trophies, and the members in their uniforms sitting round it must be an impressive sight, but one upon which no member of our sex is privileged to gaze. Perhaps one day we shall have an L.R.Y. Squadron



Paris has ordained that the stiff square crown shall be fashionable this autumn. An erect silver quill adorns this "chic" model carried out in black hatter's plush.

of our own. Then we shall devise a dinner-dress on which man may pray to be allowed to look; but will we let him?—no!

Several ladies raced their own small craft, and the Countess of Albemarle, the Hon. Mrs. Adams, and many others are quite good at this pastime, and keen as mustard over it. Sailing big boats is a different affair; still, we can do most things if we set our minds to it. Much sympathy was felt for Sir Thomas Lipton, whose beautiful *Shamrock* broke some of her gear on the first day, through, it was said, the unwieldy behaviour of a heavily laden passenger steamer. However, it is always a little difficult at Cowes to ascertain the real cause of these minor accidents, since one hears several different versions in the course of conversation.

I saw the Marchioness of Crewe soon after the robbery of her jewels strolling across the Lawn to Nubia. It was an exceedingly worrying affair for Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, most kind of hosts and hostesses. Lady Crewe, I was told, did everything in her power to make them feel more happy



The small hat is still unconquered in Paris, a fact which is proved by this becoming affair of black-suede trimmed with black and white feather mounts.

The new straight tunic is a notable feature of this Parisian dinner frock of pleated cream georgette on black crepe-de-Chine.

serge trousers and white-covered yachting caps; the second in what pleased them. There was, as a rule, a sharp line in dress between the yachswomen afloat and the shore dwellers who came in to meet and talk to them. The women afloat were very business-like, and all furnished with oilskins. This does not mean the old order of serviceable, also smelly garments so called, either black or some shade of yellow. The ladies' oilskin of to-day is partly transparent, and is of all colours—red, blue, and green seemed the favourites at Cowes. If there was no rain, there was always a "poppie" on the water, and these coats were necessities for the launch journey to and from the Squadron landing. The favourite headgear for Cowes Week was undoubtedly felt—either white, of pale pastel tints, or grey. These hats are light, they stick close to the head in any wind, and they are both businesslike and becoming.

Princess Beatrice, as befitted the Governor of the little Garden Island, was in the Gardens for tea at the earliest opportunity, dressed in dark-blue and wearing rather a wide-brimmed hat. The Duke of Connaught was often in, and when he wanted to have a long talk with friends he thoughtfully sent his Equerry to ask the ladies not to stand up on his account. The King came to dine at the Squadron on Tuesday, and there was, of course, a crowd to see him land

diamonds and rubies. The Marquise de Casa Maura was often in the gardens, looking very handsome and always beautifully turned out. Lord Dunraven manages to keep alert and youthful, and was, as usual, entertaining on the *Iona*. Another veteran who was quite gay and jolly was Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle. His son, Vice-Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, came over on the opening day of the R.Y.S. Regatta with a party in a big launch. The day being quite lively at sea, she stove a hole in herself at the landing. Her passengers all got off, and then they ran her, in a sinking condition, on the mud, and had to find another boat to take them home. On this day Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu brought over a party in their motor-launch *Cygnat*. With them was Lady Lena Agar, whose father, Lord Normanton, was staying at the Squadron. Lady Montagu, in white and jade-green, and wearing a white felt hat, looked daintily pretty, as it is her wont to do. Her mother and sister, who were staying ashore, were with her at tea.

The Queen passed through the Squadron Gardens one afternoon wearing a long white coat with a deep white fur or cut ostrich feather collar, and an aquamarine-blue toque and scarf. Lady Shaftesbury was



Coral, jet, and steel beads help to fashion the handsome embroidery decorating this graceful dinner gown of navy georgette, whose birthplace is Paris.

in attendance, and they motored to Brook, where her Majesty honoured General and the Hon. Mrs. Seely by taking tea with them. The Queen re-embarked at East Cowes for the *Victoria and Albert*, to the disappointment of the crowd patiently awaiting her return through the Squadron grounds. However, they saw the Duke of Connaught and the Marquise d'Hautpoul go, and later the King landed. The loyalty and love of the people for our King and Queen is demonstrated by the way they wait on and on in the hope of seeing them.

Lord Inverclyde was often ashore with two or three young friends. Lady Louis Mountbatten, always charmingly dressed, and at her best in simple yachting kit of white serge skirt, Fair Isle jumper, and small round red cap, was often in the Gardens, where the scene on a fine afternoon at tea time when the band plays is charming; while the outlook on the yachts skimming about over the blue white-capped water of the Solent is as fascinating as any scene could be. There are lots of pretty girls at Cowes; one of them was dainty little Miss Millington-Drake; the Hon. Alison and the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven were two more always beautifully turned out; and others were Lady Baring's two daughters. There were scores more, and they all looked so well and happy that their good looks were enhanced.—A. E. L.



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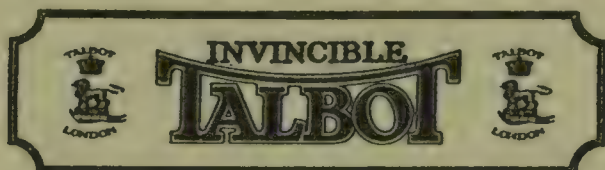
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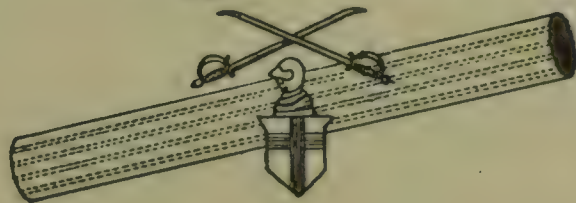
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Fashions and Fancies.

What Deauville is Wearing.

The white marble halls of the new baths at Deauville are an effective setting to the rainbow-hued outfits of the fair bathers this season. Crêpe-de-Chine and artificial silk printed in gay flowered patterns or exotic Eastern colourings have superseded the old-fashioned dark-blue and black serge which was invariably worn in the

days when to be conspicuous was a crime. Sea-shells, multi-coloured bead embroideries, and fantastic little mascots adorn these creations; and gay handkerchief scarves in every colour play the rôle of wraps and cloaks, lightly discarded on entering the water. After *déjeuner* come the races, and here the really beautiful toilettes, many worn by famous mannequins from Paris, make their appearance. Slender affairs of organdie, crêpe marocain, and mysterious Rodier materials in exquisite colourings, their straight silhouette is softened by plissé panels and frills introduced here and there, now as a tiny shoulder cape, an airy scarf, or fluttering pennons. Accompanying these fascinating creations it is no unusual sight, even on the hottest

A hand-pierced cover of geometrical design is the notable feature of this "Queen Anne" sugar-caster. It is a reproduction carried out by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

day, to see beautiful fur wraps of the most costly nature. Cloaks of chinchilla, attached to the shoulders by bouquets of large white camellias, and magnificent sables mingle with the charming wraps of pure white ermine, often edged with delicately tinted ostrich feathers, worn by the *débutantes*.

Fashions in Table Silver. Not only in the world of dress is there a movement nowadays towards simple lines and clear-

cut silhouettes. In the fascinating sphere of table silver, for instance, the same tendency has caused a marked revival of the vogue for the Queen Anne period.



A perfect reproduction of a silver tea-set in the time of Queen Anne. It must be placed to the credit of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

The furniture of this date is, of course, historically famous; and the silverware, too, has a certain genre which is peculiarly its own. The general simplicity

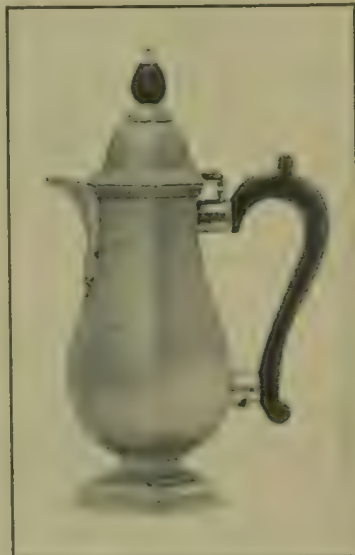


The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company are responsible for the reproduction of this quaint old English tankard of solid silver.

and graceful outlines which characterise each piece appeal to every collector of beautiful silver, and these attributes render the domestic plate of this time exceptionally useful as well as attractive for modern use.

The Queen Anne Period.

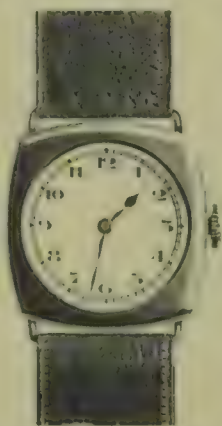
Pictured on this page are some perfect reproductions of Queen Anne plate which may be studied at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W. The reproductions of this firm are made by the same hand process and possess the same individual characteristics of skilled craftsmanship as the originals. In the centre is a tea-set modelled from one dated 1713. This octagonal form with a plain wire decoration is a favourite one, and appears also in the quaint sugar-caster on the left, complete with a hand-pierced cover. The unusual coffee- or milk-jug on the right, height 7½ inches, is the reproduction of a very rare piece, and combines originality with practical qualities. Last comes the old-world pint tankard in the centre, solidly built, with a graceful handle. These possess all the solid and artistic merits of the original Queen Anne pieces as well as the modern advantage of being considerably less expensive.



A rare piece of eighteenth-century plate, reproduced by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

Novelty of the Week.

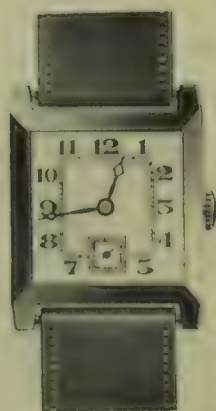
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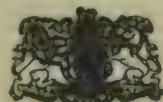
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Grand Prix. For sheer interest and excitement there surely never was a road race like that for the Grand Prix de France last Sunday week. As a rule, it is possible to forecast the result

held the lead for the first couple of laps, and then had to stop owing to plug trouble. Once more he had to stop in the seventeenth lap because his mechanic was exhausted by the strain of the race. In the meantime, K. Lee Guinness, also driving a Sunbeam, secured the lead and held it until the nineteenth lap, when he had to retire owing to a broken universal joint. All this time Segrave was making desperate efforts to regain the lead. His twenty-ninth lap was the fastest made in the race, being covered at a speed of 76.7 miles an hour—a terrific speed on such a twisty course as the Lyons circuit. It was not to be, however, and he could do no better than run into fifth place at the end.

The terrific strain of the race may best be gauged from the fact that of twenty-two starters only eight figure in the official list of cars finishing. The winner's average speed was a shade over 71 miles an hour for the full distance of 500 miles.

Sport on the Sabbath.

In the South of England very

few, if any, sporting events are held by motorists on Sundays. I believe an odd club trial here and there would exhaust the list, which is a very good thing indeed. There is no need, other reasons apart, to outrage the feelings of a very large proportion of the community by running speed trials, hill-climbs, and so forth, and it is with this in mind that club executives generally have rigidly set their faces against promoting sporting events on the Sabbath. In other parts of the country they do not seem so particular, and from time to time reports of meetings have reached me from club secretaries—reports

which have always been ignored, because I do not think such events ought to be held on Sundays.

However, it is all a matter of taste, or was until lately, when it was shown to be illegal to hold such events on that day. It appears that the police of Pwllheli have dug out an old Act, which was passed 299 years ago, and have issued a summons against a member of the Liverpool Motor Club, the charge being of "congregating in concourse with other people outside his own parish on Sunday for the purpose of sport and pastime." Apparently, the summons has not been heard yet, so it is not possible to say what the result of this very far-fetched prosecution may be. It certainly opens up disquieting possibilities if the police generally take action under this old statute. What is "sport and pastime" within the meaning of the Act? Does it mean that it is an offence to motor to Brighton, for example, on a Sunday, for the purpose of attending a *thé dansant* at the Metropole? It almost looks as though it might, for one would certainly be "congregating in concourse," etc. —W. W.



AT A HISTORIC INN ON THE DORSET COAST, WHERE CHARLES II. HAD A NARROW ESCAPE: AN OVERLAND BRITISH-BUILT "DE LUXE" TOURING CAR.

At the old George Inn (now the George Hotel) at West Bay, near Bridport, Charles II. had a narrow escape from capture while endeavouring to make his way to France.

of these races with something like reasonable certainty, but this year it was different. A year ago, for instance, the event resolved itself into a duel between the Sunbeam and the Fiat teams, with perhaps a shade of odds on the latter if they could stay the course. In the result, they did not, and Major Segrave won the race for Great Britain on a two-litre Sunbeam. This time, however, there were four or five teams which were well in the running. Sunbeams were more or less expected to repeat last year's victory, but the opposition was stronger, inasmuch as there were teams entered by Fiat, Delage, Bugatti, and Alfa-Romeo, any one of which might provide the winner, since all were about equal in speed. In the event, it was the Alfa-Romeo which won this classic race, with Delage second and third, another Alfa-Romeo fourth, and Segrave (Sunbeam) fifth.

Sunbeams had bad luck in not winning. Segrave



BESIDE A CURIOUS INDIAN STATUE OF A CINGALESE "SOLOMON": A ROLLS-ROYCE IN THE PROVINCE OF CALCUTTA.

The photograph shows a 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce car on the road between Sutna and Rewah, in the Calcutta Province of India. "The figure in the background," we are told, "represents King Rawan, a prehistoric ruler of Ceylon, who was believed to equal ten men in knowledge—a Cingalese version of King Solomon, in fact. Three of the carved stone figures have disappeared, but enough remain to indicate the unique nature of the monument."

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The two stories came into the hands of the editor of our contemporary the *Sphere*, and are being published in that journal. "Le Masque Prophète," both original text and translation, appeared in the *Sphere* of Aug. 9, with a reproduction of the first page of the manuscript in Napoleon's own handwriting, and it was arranged to publish "La Gorgona" in the next number. The *Sphere* is to be heartily congratulated on thus giving English readers the first opportunity of reading works of such unique historical interest.

The literary side of Napoleon's career is not, perhaps, familiar to the general reader, but those who have studied his life are aware that he was always spurred by the impulse to write. A certain number of his essays and other compositions, written in youth, display a keen mind, a somewhat imperfect knowledge of French, and an art inspired by ideas then in fashion. The stories just discovered, however, had hitherto escaped investigation. They rank as the most curious of his literary productions, and show that, like Caesar, he did not confine himself to military memoirs.

AN "INTERNATIONAL" THAT HAS DISAPPEARED.

(Continued from Page 314.)

letting loose the world war, it became necessary to replace the organ which had disappeared by a new one.

What could be that new organ? The League of Nations created by the Treaty of Versailles?

I admit that at the end of 1918, after the crumbling away of the Germanic Empires, I cherished for a moment the illusion that throughout Europe the directing *élite* would turn resolutely towards a League or Society of the Great States of Europe, which should play, in different circumstances, the rôle of the Holy Alliance of former days. I can understand the indifference with which during the war the idea, at best a vague one, of a League of Nations as proposed by President Wilson was received. But after the political catastrophe of 1918 the dream of the ideologue became the most urgent of all practical necessities—the indispensable preface to all peace treaties.

The disillusionment was complete. Europe was so much accustomed to the marvellous order which she had enjoyed for more than a century that she had ended by losing all notion of the conditions which rendered it possible. In 1919, during the peace negotiations, the League of Nations was almost universally judged by the *élite* to be the most useless, the most absurd, the most chimerical of all pacifist Utopias. That hostile incredulity is responsible for the most serious weaknesses which to-day make the task of the Institution at Geneva such a difficult one. A still more surprising fact is that the diplomatists, whose professional duties ought to have caused them to feel most acutely the necessity for such an institution, were the most hostile and incredulous.

How many times in March and April 1919, during a sojourn that I made in Paris, did I endeavour to press my ideas upon those who had the formidable responsibility of giving back peace to the world?

"You are preparing treaties," I told them; "that is good. But have you taken pains to ascertain who will sign them, and who will be guarantors for their execution? The treaties of 1815 were signed by Sovereigns; whose interest and honour—conquerors and vanquished alike—were engaged to execute them. It is the moral pressure of those two sentiments—political interest and dynastic honour—far more than force of arms, which has made famous treaties into active realities. Will you have the same good fortune? Have you an idea of what the Governments will consist of to-morrow in Europe, great or small, ancient or modern, with whom you will have to treat? If you do not give Europe an authority capable of exercising a powerful moral pressure over those States, there will only remain Force with which to impose those Treaties. That has only sufficed to assure the execution of treaties in very rare cases, and sometimes at the price of very great dangers. Do not forget that the World War grew out of a Treaty which had been imposed by Force alone forty-four years previously. To create that authority is not an easy task; I know it; but the first condition for solving a problem is to realise that it exists. If one begins by denying it or by ridiculing it, one aggravates the difficulty."

But these ideas, expressed verbally and in writing, were understood by very few people. As usual, a cry was raised about foolish pacifism and corrupting cosmopolitanism. When we tried, in the month of December 1918, to hold a meeting in favour of the League of Nations at Milan, we were overwhelmed with insults both by Signor Mussolini's journal and by the official journal of the Communists, thus touchingly united! The diplomatists continued to treat the great affairs of the world as they had done before 1914; the era of disillusionments had begun. It was fatal.

The profound cause of these disillusionments, which trouble the public spirit so deeply in every country, is

(Continued overleaf.)

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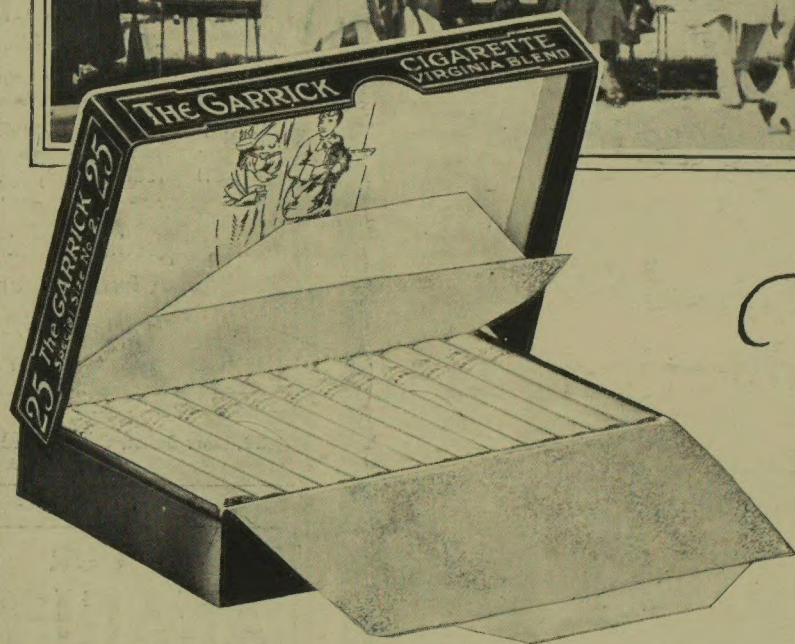
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Continued. simple. Peace was made as if Europe were as solid and well organised as she had been before the war, whereas several elements of her solidarity and order had disappeared in the war. By degrees the nations are beginning to perceive this, and to understand better the significance of events. But the change is slow, for they must renounce the illusion that the order which we enjoyed before the war was a definite conquest or an eternal privilege of our civilisation.

That order was a unique prodigy of history. The generation which saw that prodigy can boast that it was a privileged generation. But that prodigy was due to a combination of extraordinary circumstances which did not last long. Now that order has been partially destroyed it must be reconstituted. Re-construction is possible; but it requires a new plan and different measures, which means a great effort, for new generations never reconstruct overthrown edifices either in the same place or of the same shape as they were before.

In connection with the biscuit-making plants and model bakery in the Palace of Industry at Wembley, illustrated on a double-page in our issue of July 19, we are asked to mention that the whole of this machinery belongs to Messrs. Baker Perkins, Ltd., engineers, of Willesden Works, and Westwood Works, Peterborough, and is their exhibit.

For the first time since the war the Belgian Royal Family is now in residence at Ostend. The Queen arrived there accompanied by Princess Marie José and Prince Charles. King Albert and Crown Prince Leopold arranged to join the family party in a few days' time. The Royal Family attended the Kursaal on Aug. 8 for the special classical concert, at which Mr. Arthur Rubinstein was the piano soloist. On arriving at Ostend Queen Elizabeth at once drove to the fishermen's quarter to express personally her sympathy with the widows and orphans of the brave fishermen lost recently in a sudden hurricane. The fishing boats were widely scattered in the North Sea, and, although the Belgian life-boat service is one of the most efficient in Europe, it was impossible to rescue all the men, and some twenty-three men and boys were lost.

CHESS.

E. M. VICARS (Norfolk).—We are sorry to have been obscure in our allusion, but have you forgotten the occasional somnolent fits of Homer?

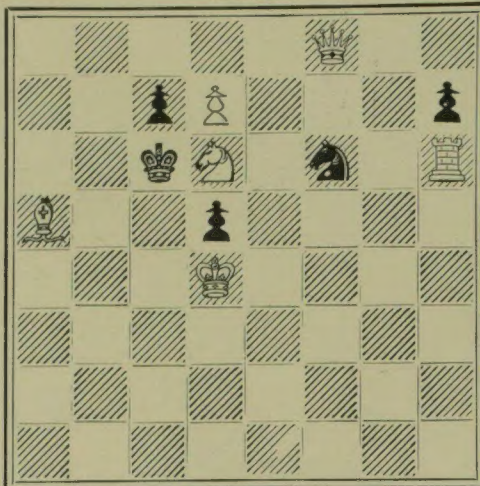
HOWARD STAUNTON (Kolar Gold Fields, India).—It is somewhat surprising to find such a good solver as yourself perplexed by the problem of which you send the diagram. White's pawn at K Kt 2nd gives the clue immediately, and the answer runs: 1. P to Kt 3rd, K to Q 5th; 2. Kt to Q B 7th, K moves; 3. Q or Kt mates. If 1. —K to Q Kt 4th; 2. Q to Q B 3rd, K moves; 3. Q or Kt mates.

Rev. A. D. MEARES (Baltimore).—There is some error in transcribing your solution of No. 3932. White cannot give check by R to Kt 5th. BARON DE REUTER (Evian-les-Bains).—Your letter has been handed to our publishing department for attention.

J. RANSFORD (Clinton).—Your amended answer to No. 3935 is certainly a happier move, but it is not a "happier solution." Black replies to your proposed key with 1. —P to Q B 4th.

L. W. CAFFERATA (Farndon).—We plead guilty, alas! to both indictments, and can offer no extenuating circumstances as an excuse. A little brain-fag seems, perhaps, the most likely reason.

PROBLEM No. 3938.—By C. R. B. SUMNER.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3931 received from R. W. Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3933 from Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Fields, India), and A. F. Pirnig (Columbia University, New York); of No. 3934 from Horace E. McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3935 from E. M. Vicars (Norfolk), and A. F. Pirnig (Columbia University); and of No. 3936 from F. H. White (Grantham), R. B. Pearce (Happisburgh), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), C. H. Watson (Masham), Povoas de Magalhães (Oporto), P. Cooper (Clapham), and E. M. Vicars (Norfolk).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3937 received from R. P. Nicholson (Crayke), M. E. Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), P. Cooper (Clapham), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), H. W. Satow (Bangor), J. Hunter (Leicester), R. B. N. (Tewkesbury), A. W. Overton (Leeds), J. J. Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), C. B. S. (Canterbury), W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), W. N. Powell (Ladbury), T. Cooke (Brighton), J. P. Smith (Cricklewood), E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth), L. W. Cafferata (Farndon), C. H. Watson (Masham), A. Edmeston (Worsley), A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), S. Caldwell (Hove), and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3936.—By A. NEWMAN.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to R sq.	K to B 2nd
2. Q to K R 8th	K moves
3. Q mates.	

If Black play: 1. —K to Q 3rd, 2. Q to Q 3rd, etc.; if 1. —K to B sq, 2. K takes P, etc. If, however, 1. —K to Q sq, White has a waiting move with his Queen on any square of the diagonal.

An airy little problem, which, but for a flaw too deeply seated in its structure to be removed, would have ranked as a first-class miniature. Its attractiveness, however, has won the approbation of many of our solvers.

Will solvers kindly note that the Problem published in our last issue was numbered 3936 in error, and should have been No. 3937. All solutions will be acknowledged as for the correct figure.

The Championship Section of the Correspondence Tournament of the British Chess Federation for 1923 was won by Mr. W. A. Hooper, with Mr. W. Dobbie in the second place.

In the notes accompanying the illustrations (in our issue of Aug. 2) showing Commander C. Denistoun Burney's new "Prefacto" system of house-building with a material called Durocrete (a blend of concrete and wood), it was stated that the cost of such a house would be only one-fifth that of a brick-built house. We are now informed that this statement was erroneous, and that the cost of a Prefacto house would be approximately two-thirds that of a brick house of the ordinary type. Commander Burney, it may be recalled, is the inventor of the paravane, and has been M.P. (Unionist) for the Uxbridge Division since 1922.



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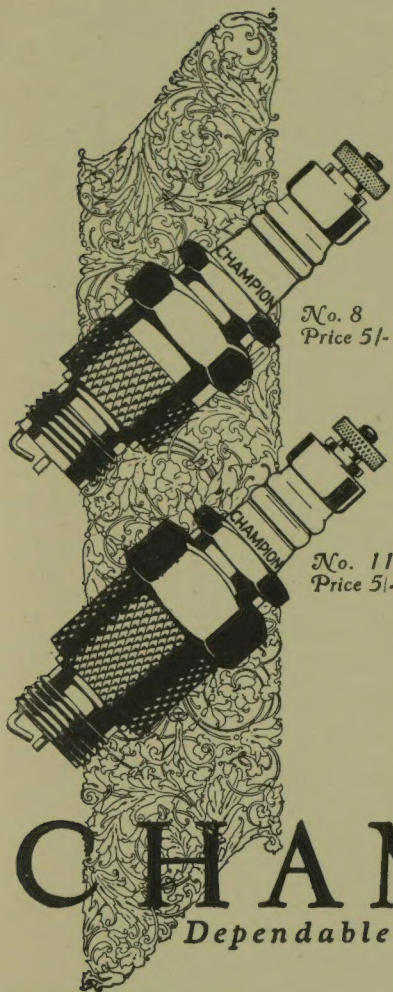
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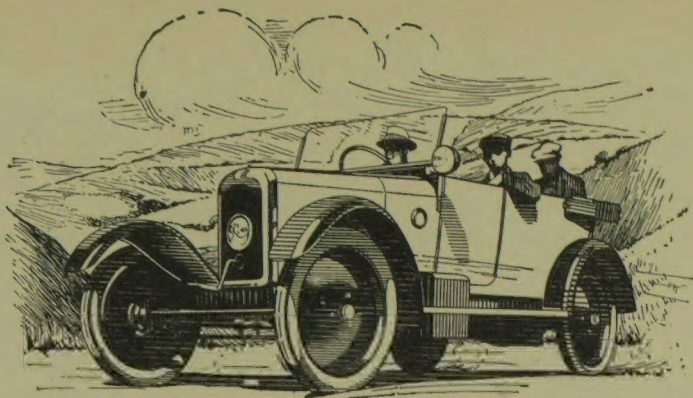
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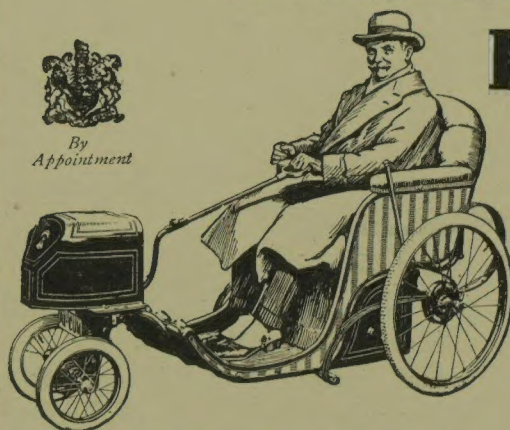
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